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THOMAS WINNINGTON ESQ.R

ob. 1746.

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THE WORKS,

OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR CHAS. HANBURY WILLIAMS, K.B.

AMBASSADOR TO THE COURTS OF RUSSIA, SAXONY, &c.

FROM THE ORIGINALS

IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS GRANDSON

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ESSEX:

WITH NOTES BY

HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD.

IN THREE VOLUMES, WITH PORTRAITS.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

EDWARD JEFFERY AND SON, PALL-MALL.

1822.

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New praises still remain;
Beauty like her's may well infuse
New flights, new fancies, like a Muse,
And brighten every strain.

'Tis not her form alone I prize,
Which ev'ry fool, that has his eyes,
As well as I can see;
To say she's fair is but to say,
When the sun shines at noon 'tis day,
Which none need learn of me.

But I'm in love with Peggy's mind,
Where ev'ry virtue is combined,

---

seventy, was her humble admirer; he played Fondlewife in the Old Bachelor, to her Letitia. She acted Cordelia and Ophelia to Garrick's Lear and Hamlet: her company was sought after by persons of the first rank and character, who were proud of her acquaintance, and charmed with her conversation: she was President of a Select Society of Beaux Esprits, called the "Beaf Steak Club," and was the only woman admitted. She was mistress of a good understanding much improved by company and books; she died, 1760. She was not unlike in her person to Miss Farren the present amiable and accomplished Countess of Derby.

That can adorn the fair,
Excepting one you scarce can miss,
So trifling that you would not wish
That Virtue had been there.

She who professes all the rest,
Must sure excel the prude whose breast
That Virtue shares alone;
To seek perfection is a jest,
They who have fewest faults the best,
And Peggy has but one.

TO KITTY WALKER:*

December 1742.

KITTY, crown'd with Loves and Graces,
Why to me this am'rous art?
Why to me these fond embraces,
While another has your heart?

Tho' a moment's inclination,
May a transient joy impart;
Can I hope for lasting passion,
While another has your heart.

---

* Kitty Walker was kept by the Earl of Loudon; but probably it was not he who had her heart. I believe this and other verses following was really addressed to Mrs. Woffington, the actress, with whom Sir Charles was in love, and who was in love with Mr. Garrick. One day, that Sir Charles taxed her with having been with the latter, though she promised to see him no more, she vowed she had not seen him for ages. "Nay," said Sir Charles, "I know you saw him yesterday, "Well," replied she, "is not that an age."—W.

O, that I could gain it wholly,
For I scorn to take a part;
But to think of that were folly,
For another has your heart.

'Tis no longer your's to give me;
Kitty, at those words you start;
And durst you hope you could deceive me,
While another has your heart.

In my breast thy beauteous face is,
Grav'd by Cupid's powerful dart;
But from thence I'll blot those traces,
Since another has your heart.

Gods, how jealous torments move me,
Oh, what anguish, and what smart;
None on earth like me can love thee,
Tho' another has your heart.

TO

MRS. WOFFINGTON, 1740.

IF when the breast is rent with pain,
It be no crime, the nymph should know it;
O Woffington accept the strain,
Pity! though you'll not cure the poet.

Should you reject my ardent prayer,
Yet send not back the am'rous paper;
My pangs may help to curl your hair,
My passion fringe the glowing taper.

No more the Theatre I seek,
But when I'm promised there to find you;
All Horton's merits now grow weak,
And Clive remains far far behind you.

'Tis thus the polished pebble plays,
And gains awhile some vulgar praises;
But soon withdraws its feeble rays,
When the superior diamond blazes.

Who sees you shine in Wildair's part,
But sudden feels his bosom panting?
Your very sex receive the dart,
And almost think there's nothing wanting.

LOVELY PEGGY.

A NEW SONG.

I.

ONCE more I'll tune my vocal shell,
To hills and dales my passion tell,
A flame which time can never quell,
That burns for lovely Peggy.
Ye greater bards the lyre should hit,
For say what subject is more fit,
Than to record the sparkling wit,
And bloom of lovely Peggy.

II.

The sun first rising in the morn,
That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn,
As does my lovely Peggy.

And when in Thetis lap of rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
He's not so beauteous, as undress'd
Appears my lovely Peggy.

III.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon mine oaten reed,
To please my lovely Peggy.
With her a cottage would delight,
All's happy when she's in my sight,
But when she's gone it's endless night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

IV.

The zephyr's air, the violet blows,
Or breathes upon the damask rose,
He does not half the sweets disclose,
That does my lovely Peggy.
I stole a kiss the other day,
And, trust me, nought but truth I say,
The fragrant breath of blooming May,
Was not so sweet as Peggy,

V.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r shall rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or stately swans the waters love,
So long shall I love Peggy.
And when death with his pointed dart,
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
My words shall be when I depart,
" Adieu my lovely Peggy !"

TO MRS. WOFFINGTON.

(Written in July 1744.*)*

IN IMITATION OF

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati
Pœna, Barine, nocuisset unquam.
HOR. Lib. 2, Od. 8.

IF heav'n upon thy perjur'd head,
Had the least mark of vengeance shed,
For all thy hate to truth;
Had ev'n diminish'd any grace,
Lit up one pimple in thy face,
Or rotted but one tooth,

I would believe its pow'rs; but you
More fair, as still more faithless grow;
Charms flow from perjuries;
The more you cheat, we trust the more,
Each jilting tear 's a fruitful show'r,
That makes fresh beauties rise.

By Venus, Cupid, ev'ry pow'r,
To love propitious you're forswore,
Regardless of their wrath;
By tricks and cheats, and lies you live,
By breach of word and honour thrive,
Like my good Lord of Bath.

But at each broken oath and vow,
Indulgent Venus smiles you know,
Who have so often tried her;
And Cupid can't be angry sure,
While thus new vot'ries you procure,
And stretch his empire wider.

See all our youth confess thy pow'r,
They but behold thee and adore,
And press to drag thy chain;
And tho' we swear, and brag we're free,
Repentant Darnley * longs like me,
To be thy slave again.

---

* Edward Bligh, second Earl of Darnley.—W.

That beauteous face, those heav'nly charms,
The cautious mother's breast alarms,
For her young darling son;
And each penurious father fears,
Lest their unthinking am'rous heirs,
Should gaze, and be undone,

Venus, whose charms rule all above,
Is fam'd for fickleness in love,
And for her beauty's pow'r;
You are her copy drawn with care,
Like her are exquisitely fair,
Like her a thorough w——.

TO MRS. BINDON,
AT BATH.

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

APOLLO of old on Britannia did smile,
And Delphi forsook for the sake of this isle,
Around him he lavishly scatter'd his lays,
And in every wilderness planted his bays;
Then Chaucer and Spenser harmonious were heard,
Then Shakspeare, and Milton, and Waller appear'd,
And Dryden, whose brows by Apollo were crown'd,
As he sung in such strains as the God might have own'd:
But now, since the laurel is given of late,
To Cibber, to Eusden, to Shadwell and Tate,
Apollo hath quitted the isle he once lov'd,
And his harp and his bays to Hibernia remov'd;

He vows and he swears he'll inspire us no more,
And hath put out Pope's fires which he kindled
before;
And further, he says, men no longer shall boast
A science their slight and ill-treatment hath
lost;
But that women alone for the future shall write;
And who can resist, when they doubly delight?
And lest we should doubt what he said to be true,
Has begun by inspiring Sapphira and You.

MRS. BINDON'S ANSWER.

WHEN home I return'd from the dancing last night,
And, elate by your praises, attempted to write,
I familiarly call'd on Apollo for aid,
And told him how many fine things you had said.
He smil'd at my folly, and gave me to know,
Your wit, and not mine, by your writings you show;
"And then," says the God, "still to make you more vain,
"He hath promis'd that I shall enlighten your brain;
"When he knows in his heart, if he speak but his mind,
"That no woman alive can now boast I am kind:

" For since Daphne to shun me grew into a laurel,
" With the sex I have sworn still to keep up the
quarrel."
I thought it a joke, 'till by writing to you,
I have prov'd his resentment, alas! but too true.

SIR CHARLES'S REPLY.

I'LL not believe that Phœbus did not smile :
Unhappily for you I know his style ;
To strains like yours, of old his harp he strung,
And while he dictated, Orinda sung.
Did beauteous Daphne's scorn of proffer'd love
Against the sex his indignation move ?
It rather made you his peculiar care,
Convinc'd from thence, ye were as good as fair.
As mortals who from dust receiv'd their birth,
Must when they die return to native earth ;
So, too, the laurel, that your brow adorns,
Sprang from the fair, and to the fair returns.

TAR-WATER,

A BALLAD:

INSCRIBED TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

SINCE good Master Prior,
The Tar-water 'squire,
Without being counted to blame,
Vulgar patrons hath scorn'd,
And his treatise adorn'd
With the lustre of Chesterfield's name;

Great Mecænas of arts!
And all men of parts,
(Tho' they're not much the growth of the time)
I hope 'twill be meet
To lay at your feet
The same lofty subject in rhyme.

Then come, let us sing!
Death, a fig for thy sting!
I think we shall serve thee a trick;
For the Bishop of Cloyne*
Hast at last laid a mine,
That will blow up both thee and old Nick.

Have but faith in his treatise,†
Tho' you 've stone, diabetes,
Gout, or fever, tar-water 's specific;
If you 're costive, 'twill work;
If you purge, 'tis a cork;
And, if old, it will make you prolific.

---

* Bishop Berkeley.

† The title of the excellent Bishop Berkeley's work on this subject is "Siris," a chain of philosophical reflections and inquiries concerning the virtues of Tar-water, and divers other subjects, connected together and arising one from another; which was followed by "An authentic Narrative of the success of Tar-water, in curing a great number and variety of distempers; with remarks and occasional papers relative to the subject: to which are subjoined, two Letters from the author of Siris, shewing the medicinal properties of Tar-water, and the best manner of making it." By Thomas Prior, Esq.

All ye fair ones, who lie sick,
Leave off doctors and physic,
Tar-water will cure all your ails;
Have you rheums or defluctions,
Or whims, or obstructions,
It will set right your heads and your tails.

See, each tall slender maid
Now lifts up her head,
Like a beautiful fir on the mountain!
While, salubrious, flow,
From a fissure below,
The streams of a turpentine * fountain.

Each Nymph from afar,
Is so scented with tar,
That unless they're permitted to ——,
All the Devils in hell
(So alike is the smell)
Can't know a —— from a cart wheel.

---

* Turpentine the principal ingredient of Tar, is thus extracted from the fir-tree.

" Great physician of state!
(Tho' call'd in so late
To a truly well-meant consultation)
In this fever of war,
Like the spirit of tar,
Thy skill must preserve this poor nation.

Tho' now quite exhausted,
Her vitals all wasted,
She 's as meagre, and weak as a lath;
Yet we hope that thy art
Will recover each part,
Without the assistance of BATH.

ON

CHARLES STANHOPE, ESQ.

DRINKING TAR-WATER.

WHEN Charles by rule episcopal *
Tar-water first began;
Methinks, he cry'd, I feel myself
Become a double man.

Its prowess he resolv'd to try,
But oh! with shame and trouble,
He found of all his boasted parts,
One thing alone was double.

Enrag'd, he curst the silly book,
The bishop and the tar;
And swore the beggar's blessing was
A better boon by far.

---

* Bishop Berkeley.

AN ODE

TO

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

DEAR merry knight, whose sportive vein
Makes am'rous duchesses complain,
While peers stand titt'ring by:
Now since you've fairly crack'd your jest,
And Pegasus retires to rest,
Permit me to reply.

And trust me, Charles, no real Muse
Such groveling pertness e'er could use,
To help a lame invention:
Virgins are always something shy,
And language that charms Hanbury,
Their lips disdain to mention.

But since you've found this easier road
To furnish out a wanton ode,
I'll readily submit;
Where Drury's dames the lays inspire,
Smut shall be styl'd poetic fire,
And bawdry shine for wit.

Besides these nymphs are ready still
Your every pleasure to fulfil,
And ne'er with coyness tease ye:
But shy Apollo's tuneful train
Are skittish, fanciful, and vain,
And oft refuse to ease ye.

Prudent thy deed then, gentle knight,
Such squeamish goddesses to slight,
Since Needham's * serve as well:
Their inspirations raise the song,
As loud, as lofty, and as long,
As thy own odes can tell.

---

* Needham a famous Courtezan.

How sweet thy strains on Master Prior,
Of Dublin town, tar-water 'squire,
When pleas'd thy verse reveals
Each female fissure from below,
Whence fragrant streams abundant flow,
Resembling carmen's wheels!

Equal thine odes, courageous knight,
Where the fair duchess feels thy spite,
For yielding to be bless'd:
How keen thy pointed satire shines!
While virtue swells the flowing lines,
In native beauty dress'd.

Hence then, Apollo, with your skill,
Your Nine, your fountain, and your hill,
And learn your future distance:
Without such aids our verses flow,
As Charles's strains and these may show,
If Needham deigns assistance.

But Hussey, frowning, shakes his cane,
And Charles flies trembling o'er the main

At Berlin long to tarry:
Oh, GEORGE, if pertness have the power
To make Him rise ambassadour,*
Let Me be secretary!

---

* He was Ambassador at the court of Dresden at this time.

AN ODE

TO

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS;

OCCASIONED BY SEEING AN ODE INSCRIBED TO

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

WHO'S this? what! Hanbury the lyric?
Changing his notes to panegyric,
In fearful dread of fighting?
But 'tis in vain; for Hussey swears,
If Cynthius* won't, he 'll lug your ears,
And make you leave off writing.

Think you, because you basely fled
To Saxony to hide your head,
On odes you still may venture?
Or wipe off scandal left at home,
By meanly daubing him, in whom
All commendations centre?

---

* Cynthius aurem vellit et admonuit.

No; Stanhope chuses thy abuse,
Detesting such a filthy Muse,
Whose very praise is satire;
For well he knows the worthless knight is
Just such another as Thersites,
For bulk, abuse, and stature.

If charg'd with courage man should be,
(Like powder in artillery,
Proportion'd to the barrel)
Can'st thou, a blunderbuss so large,
With scarce a pocket-pistol's charge,
Presume to bounce or quarrel?

Then quit these dangerous trifling lays,
With low abuse, or empty praise,
'Tis nonsense all and folly;
Or if you will be writing odes,
Which ev'ry mortal here explodes,
Write birth-day odes for Colley.*

---

* Colley Cibber, who was Poet Laureat at this time.

There may you stretch poetic wing,
Sing peace or war, GOD BLESS THE K—G,
And all his measures praise;
Then should old Cibber chance to die,
And Hussey let you come, and try,
Perhaps you'll get the bays.

AN ODE

TO

LORD LINCOLN.

I.

O LINCOLN! joy of womankind!
To you this humble ode's design'd;
Let —— inspire my song:
Gods! with what pow'rs are you endu'd!
Tiberius was not half so lewd,
Nor Hercules so strong.

II.

'Tis —— now my pen employs,
And since I sing of heav'nly joys,
From heav'n my notes I 'll bring:
And tho' the lyric strain I chuse,
I 'll open like the Mantuan Muse—
"——, and the man I sing."

III.

But don't expect much flattery
From such an honest bard as me,
Dear, noble, vig'rous youth;
For when I say that you —— more
Than ever mortal did before,
You know I say the truth.

IV.

Four times a night, some happy fair,
You —— throughout the gliding year,
This course of joy pursuing;
Of feats like these what annals speak,
'Tis eight and twenty times a week,
And, Faith! that's glorious doing.

V.

Had Messalina —— with you,
Whom no then man could e'er subdue,
Tho' many a Roman tried;
She'd own'd your vigor and your charms,
And, melting, dying in your arms,
Cry'd out —— "*I'm satisfied!*"

VI.

Then still love on with loosen'd reins,
While youth is boiling in your veins,
And sparkles in your face;
With w—— be lewd, with Whigs be hearty,
And both in ——, and in party,
Confess your noble race.

VII.

To you and steady Pelham then,
With joy I'll dedicate my pen,
For both shall be my theme;
Since both divided England share,
You have the love of every fair,*
He every man's esteem.

---

* The Postillion of Lady W. Montagu, a lad of sixteen, said, "I am not such a child, but I can guess something whenever my Lord Lincoln comes to my Lady; she orders the porter to let in nobody else, and then they call for pen and ink, and say they are going to write History."—W.

New Ballad.

(On Lord Doneraile's* *altering his Chapel at the Grove,† in Hertfordshire, into a Kitchen.)*

BY Ovid, 'mongst many more wonders, we're told
What chanc'd to Philemon and Baucis of old,
How a cot to a temple was conjur'd by Jove;
So a chapel was chang'd to a kitchen at Grove.
Derry down, &c.

---

* The Prince was angry with Lord Doneraile for not speaking oftener in the House of Commons. Arthur St. Ledger, Lord Doneraile, was Lord of the Bedchamber to the Prince; he died of a consumption at Lisbon 1750. He was a young man of great parts, but of no steadiness in courage, conduct, or principles: he made a very celebrated speech against the Pelhams, on the affair of the sixteen new regiments that were to be raised. It certainly was a notorious job.—W.

† Now the Earl of Clarendon's, 2 miles from Watford.

The lord of the mansion most rightly conceiting,
That his guests lov'd good prayers, much less
than good eating;
And possess'd by the d-v-l (as some folks will
tell ye)
What was meant for the soul he assign'd to the
belly.

Derry down, &c.

The word was scarce given, but down dropt the
clock,
And strait was seen fix'd in the form of a jack;
'Tis shameful to say, pulpit, benches and pews,
Form'd cupboards and shelves for plates, sauce-
pans and stews.

Derry down, &c.

Pray'r-books turn'd into platters, nor think it a
fable,
And dressers sprung out of the c-mm—n table;
Which instead of the usual repast, b—d and
w—e;
Is stor'd with rich soup, and good English sirloin.

Derry down, &c.

No fires, but what pure devotion could raise,
Till now had been known in this temple to blaze!
But, good Lord, how the neighbours around did admire,
When the chimney rose up in the room of a spire!
Derry down, &c.

For a Jew many people the master mistook,
Whose Levites were scullions, whose high priest a cook;
And thought that he meant our religion to alter,
When they saw the burnt-offerings smoak at the altar.
Derry down, &c.

The bells solemn sound which was heard far and near,
And oft rous'd the chaplin unwilling to pray'r;
No more to good sermons now summon the sinner,
But, blasphemous, rings all the country to dinner.
Derry down, &c.

When my good lord the bishop had heard the strange story,
How the place was prophan'd, that was built to God's glory; [deed,
With zeal he cry'd out, "oh, how impious the
To cram christians with pudding instead of the creed." *Derry down*, &c.

Then away to the Grove hied the church's protector,
Resolving to read his lay-brother a lecture;
But scarce had begun, when he saw plac'd before 'em,
An haunch piping hot from the *sanctum sanctorum*.
Derry down, &c.

"Troth," quoth he, "I can find no great sin in the plan,
"What's useless to God, to make useful to man;
"Besides 'tis a true christian duty, we read,
"The poor and the hungry with good things to feed." *Derry down*, &c.

Then again on the walls he bestow'd consecration,
But reserv'd the full right of a free visitation;
Thus 'tis the lord's house, only varied the treat,
Now there's meat without grace, where was grace without meat.

Derry down, &c.

A CONGRATULATORY ODE,

MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE

STATESMAN* ON HIS TRAVELS.

By JOSHUA JINGLE, Esq.

Poet-Laureat to the Pelemites, Selemites, and other great personages.

Si proceres peccant,——
Exemplo et sceleri pœnî paranda duplex.

OLD England mourns her past disgrace!
Sad fate of her unhappy race,

---

* Thomas Holles Pelham, Duke of Newcastle.

Horace Walpole relates the following anecdote of the Duke:—

The Pine Apples are literally sent to Hanover by Couriers from Clermont; and, on the news of the Duke of Somerset's illness, he has transmitted his commands through the King, and by him through the Duke of Bedford, to the University of Cambridge, to forbid them electing any body but the most ridiculous person they could, his Grace of Newcastle. Nolkejumskoi* has written them, that hearing his Majesty's commands, he should by no means oppose them.—W.

* Duke of Cumberland.

By gibbets, gaols and axes;
Th' inglorious slaughter war has made,
Her rising debts, her sinking trade,
Her places, pensions, taxes.

Cross'd with such cares, press'd with such pains,
What wonder if she thus complains,
Tells thus her dismal story;
In hopes some wise, some patriot chief,
Some Statesman born for her relief,
Might yet retrieve her glory?

But Holly * of her Councils head,
Having o'ercome his water-dread,

---

* Duke of Newcastle. He was a Secretary of State without intelligence; a Duke without money; a man of infinite intrigue, without secrecy or policy; and a minister despised and hated by his master, by all parties, and ministers, without being turned out by any.—W.

His speeches in Council and Parliament were flowing and copious of words, but empty and unmeaning; he aimed at every thing, endeavoured nothing; a ridiculous fear was predominant in him.—W.

1760, the Duke of Newcastle cried for his old master, desponded for himself, protested he would retire, and has

Thro' foreign realms is running;
Some strangers stare to see his plate,
More smile at his projected pate,
Pate unaccus'd of cunning.

---

accepted to day; thrusting the dregs of his ridiculous life into a young court, which will at least be saved from the imputation of childishness by being governed by folly of seventy years growth.—W.

We give the following in addition from the same authority:—

But the delightful part of the night, was, the appearance of the Duke of Newcastle, who is veering round again. As its time to betray Mr. Pitt, they showed so little cordiality to this revival of connexion, that Newcastle had nobody to attend him but Sir Edward Montagu, who kept pushing him all up the gallery; from thence he went into the hazard room, and wriggled and shuffled, and lisped and winked and spied, till he got behind the Dukes of Cumberland, Bedford, and Mr. Rigby; the first of whom did not deign to notice him. You would have died to have seen Newcastle's pitiful and distressed figure; nobody went near him; he tried to flatter people that were too busy to mind him: in short he was quite disconcerted; his treachery used to be so sheathed in folly, that he was never out of countenance; but it is plain, he grows old; to finish his confusion, and anxiety, George Selwyn, Brand, and myself, went and stood near him; and, in half-whispers, that he might hear, said, "Lord how he is broke; how old he looks:" then I said, "this room feels very cold, I believe there never is

Possess'd of posts and power at home,
Oh! why should mighty Holly roam,
And leave Old England weeping?
'Twas—truth to say—because afraid,
Had others gone, or had he staid,
He was not sure of keeping.

This slipp'ry tenure calls him forth,
At more expense then quell'd the north,
So late in life to travel;
At mighty feasts, of mighty things,
With princes set, expecting kings
To talk—and plots unravel.

Not Gallic plots, for Gallia now,
As Holly thinks, is forc'd to bow
By his superior knowledge;
Alas! in politics how mad!
And yet no blockhead when a lad
At Westminster, or College.

---

a fire in it:" presently after I said, "I'll not stay here, this room has been washed to day." I believe we made him take a double dose of Gascoign's Powder when he went home.

For these high meals his foreign praise,
What mighty sums did some folks raise,
And what is more amazing,
My lady, too, as well as he,
Must go in triumph over sea,
To set the world a gazing.

Happy, if their own private store,
Acquir'd by wiser folks before,
These projects only troubled;
But ours, they'll measure by his sense,
Compute our wealth by his expense,
And then our tribute's doubled.

New treaties from these feasts shall spring,
New Princes gain'd, perhaps a king,
More schemes for Europe's quiet;
Hence daily new demands may rise,
New quotas, loans, and subsidies,
Sharp sauce to German diet.

Thus the young 'squire his wealth bestows
On home-spun feasts and tawdry clothes,

On horses, hounds and harlot;
Until mamma to mend his taste
Sends him to cross the Alps in haste
With some bear-leading varlet.

Thus tutor'd, Numps grows worse and worse,
False taste acquires—(what greater curse?)
Brings home a race of vipers;
And, on his new refinements bent,
In twice five years th' estate is spent,
On panders, pimps, and pipers.

AN ODE:

INSCRIBED TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

VISCOUNT LONSDALE;*

May 1743.

I.

TH' impartial and by-standing Muse,
A narrow party scorns to chuse,
Nor links herself with faction;
Inspir'd by Truth, she tells her thoughts,
She sees men's virtues and their faults,
And judges still by action.

---

* Henry, the last Viscount Lonsdale, of the first creation, was made constable of the Tower, and Lord Privy Seal, which he resigned without going into opposition: he was of very conscientious and disinterested honour; a great disputer, a great refiner, and a great genius.—W.

II.

The wav'ring Patriot's foul disgrace,
Who chang'd his principles for place,
As willing she discloses,
As the court wretch, who now depriv'd
Of Post (and smiles by which he liv'd),
From that one cause opposes.

III.

Be but uninfluenc'd, she will raise,
Eternal trophies to your praise,
From death she will preserve ye;
But if you're guilty, dread her pen,
Oh, dread to live the scorn of men,
Like Doddington* and Hervey.†

---

* Mr. Cumberland observes, when on a visit at Fulham, in the adjoining parish of Hammersmith lived Mr. Doddington in a splendid Villa, which, by the rule of contraries, he was pleased to call La Trappe; and his inmates and

† Lord Hervey was Vice-Chamberlain and Lord Privy Seal to George II., well known by his eloquence, writings, and duel with Mr. Pultney, and the satires of Pope.—W.

IV.

They by her fav'rite prostrate lie ;
Now guilt prevails and vice runs high,
Why sleep'st thou, Pope, awake ;
As Rome of Brutus did before,
Redress of thee, we now implore,
Write for thy country's sake.

---

and familiars, the monks of the convent. I became a frequent guest at La Trappe, and passed a great deal of my time with him there; in London also; and occasionally in Dorsetshire; he was certainly one of the most extraordinary men of his time. I had opportunities of contemplating his character in all its various points of view: I went to Eastbury, the seat of Mr. Doddington in Dorsetshire. Our splendid host was excelled by no man in doing the honours of his house and table: to the ladies he had all the courtly and profound devotion of a Spaniard, with the ease and gaiety of a Frenchman towards the men: his mansion was magnificent, massy, and stretching out to a great extent of front, with an enormous portico of Doric columns, ascended by a stately flight of steps; there were turrets and wings that went I know not whither: they are now levelled to the ground, and gone to more ignoble uses. Vanbrugh, who constructed this superb edifice, seems to have had the plan of Blenheim in his thoughts; and the interior was as proud and splendid, as the exterior was bold and imposing; all this was exactly in unison with the taste of its magnificent

V.

All principles by passion sway'd,
Gold and ambition are obey'd,
Or disappointment guides;
These motives ev'ry change discover,
Hence, Bath and Cart'ret are come over;
Hence, Hervey has chang'd sides.

---

owner, who had gilt and furnished the apartments with a profusion of finery that kept no terms with simplicity, and not always with elegance or harmony of style. Whatever Mr. Doddington's income then was, he had the happy art of managing it with that regularity and œconomy, that, I believe, he made more display at less cost than any man in the kingdom but himself could have done. His two houses in Pall Mall, his villa at Hammersmith, and the mansion above described, were such establishments as few nobles in the nation were possessed of. When he passed from Pall Mall to La Trappe it was always in a coach with six unwieldy black horses, short docked, and of colossal dignity; nor was he less characteristic in apparel than in equipage. His bulk and corpulency gave full display to his rich and staring suits; he had an ornamental fancy and brilliant wit; he was an elegant Latin classic: his favourite prose writer was Tacitus. When he paid his court at St. James's to the late Queen, after her nuptials, he approached to kiss her hand, decked in an embroider'd suit of silk, with lilac waistcoat and breeches, the latter of which, in the act of kneeling

VI.

That Hervey,* who by favour grac'd,
Of late in high employment plac'd,
Despis'd each earthly thing,
But pow'r and courts; who ne'er was blest,
But when by smiling Queens carest,
Or whisper'd by a king;

---

down, forgot their duty, and broke from their moorings in a very indecorous and uncourtly manner. Mr. Doddington was in nothing more remarkable than in ready perspicuity, and clear discernment of a subject thrown before him, on a sudden; take his first thoughts then, and he would charm you; give him time to ponder and refine, you would perceive the spirit of his sentiments and the vigor of his genius evaporate by the process; for though his first view of the question would be a wide one, and clear withal, when he came to exercise the subtlety of his disquisitorial powers upon it, he would so ingeniously dissect it into fractions, that, as an object when looked upon too intently for a length of time, grows misty and confused, so would the question under his discussion.

* John, Lord Hervey, eldest son to the Earl of Bristol, was removed from the post of Lord Privy Seal to make way for Lord Gower in 1742; and took the place in Opposition which Lord Gower had left.—W.

VII.

In halting verse, in jingling prose,
Their praises he rehears'd, and rose
By flattery's fruitful showers;
Each speech he made, each word he said,
Wove chaplets for the royal head,
And deck'd it out with flowers.

VIII.

By Walpole in the palace set,
He felt the warmth, enjoy'd the heat,
And in the sunshine grew;
Till clouds that all our sky o'erspread,
Burst down on Walpole's fated head,
And crush'd this sapling too.

IX.

At once bereft of all he lov'd,
Of place depriv'd, from court remov'd;

In this sad chang'd condition,
Forgetting all he'as done or said,
All pamphlets wrote all speeches made,
He joins the Opposition.

X.

Hervey, in vain you strive t' inflame,
In vain 'gainst ministers declaim,
With well-feign'd warmth and zeal;
Since ev'n the dullest peer must see,
The court had easily kept thee,
Could'st thou have kept the seal.

XI.

How different from this wretch is he
Whose only view is to be free,
Careless of all beside;
Nor in his most unguarded hour,
Courts popularity or power,
Thro' vanity or pride.

XII.

Such is the man, so just, so brave,
Neither the king's nor people's slave,

But to his conscience true;
Do thou, O Pope, this praise rehearse,
To him I dedicate this verse,
For, Lonsdale, 'tis thy due.

A SIMILE:

PRINTED IN

GEOFFRY BROADBOTTOM'S JOURNAL;*

April 1743.

DEAR Geoffry, didst thou never meet
A beggar walking in the street,
Who, conscious of his want of sight,
Trusts others to direct him right?
Out of his doors he'll never stir,
Without his knowing faithful cur,
Well-skill'd each different way in finding,
Who knows all crossings, ev'ry winding;
By him thro' all the town is led,
And guided safely home to bed:
So fares it with our Treasury board,
Where dark and blind sits ev'ry lord
(From that grave thing† that wears a ribbon,
Quite down to that grave nothing, Gibbon);

---

* A weekly Paper.

† Lord Wilmington.

Whose eyes can't see, nor heads discern,
Too dull, their own dull forms to learn;
And, therefore, wisely they've provided,
A Cur by whom they all are guided;
No warrant sign till he inspects it,
No step dare take till he directs it;
But, conscious, to his judgment stoop,
And all their strings are tied to Scrope.*

---

* Secretary to the Treasury. He had been so under Sir R. Walpole, and the new ministers were forced to retain him from their own ignorance of business.—W.

TO THE

REV. SAMUEL HILL,

CANON OF WELLS, &c. &c.

Written in August, 1744.

DEAR Muse, as you have nothing else to do,
Write to the Canon, just a line or two;
First wish him health, then wish him joy, and then
Wish that he may soon be preferr'd again.
That mark of grace is to the clergy giv'n,
Never to be content on this side heav'n;
From step to step, they labour still to rise,
Until they reach, what last they seek, the skies.
For when to pray'rs they're summon'd by the bells,
And Hill is seated in his stall at Wells;
To th' altar, at the creed, he turns about,
With eyes uplifted, and with look devout.

When, *I believe in God,* he chants aloud,
To act his part, and to deceive the crowd;
To *Fortune,* then, he offers up his pray'r,
Who makes the clergy her peculiar care,
And softly muttering his lips between,
" O, goddess, make thy votary a dean;
" Then I no more thro' Wells will take the air,
" Slow creeping in a chariot and a pair;
" But buy a coach, and add two horses more,
" And I and Molly'll troll about with four;
" Then shall these Canons tremble at my nod,
" And bow to me much lower than to God;
" Then shall I see them seated round my table,
" Flatt'ring as well as their poor wit is able;
" With beef I'll cram them, and with port I'll fill,
" But while I treat them well, I'll use them ill.
" My vanity they'll soothe, my pride they'll swell,
" And vouch for ev'ry story that I tell;
" Cry up my preaching, and my learning raise,
" My jokes they'll laugh at, and my wit they'll praise,

" And wonder what the ministry can mean,
" To leave so great a man, so long a dean."
If he should ask you how, or what, I do,
Tell him, my Clio, that I live with you;
Attend your call, fulfil what you desire,
Speak as you prompt, and write as you inspire.
But when some friend or mistress calls, I fly
T' amuse their leisure, lay my studies by,
And sometimes please, because I always try.
Blest with an even temper, and a heart
That scorns all guilt, all falsehood, and all art;
With wit, a friend to please, a foe to hurt,
Humour to ridicule, or to divert,
If vex'd, my grief to others is unknown,
And if unhappy, only so alone;
No passion e'er disturbs my social hours,
Nor ranc'rous spleen, my happy time devours;
No gnawing envy e'er disturbs my breast—
Tho' Sands is made a peer, yet I'm at rest.
Contempt of wealth has ever been my crime,
But I grow covetous of health and time;

Stedfast in principle, and stiff in party,
To Pultney adverse still, to Walpole hearty.
Easy where'er I am, for I can stay
Six months in Wales, yet know no tedious day;
There regularly study, eat and sleep,
And sober meals, and early hours I keep;
But when th' inverted year wears winter's frown,
My coach is order'd, and I drive to town;
There dash into a stream of new delight,
Enjoy my friends by day, my nymph by night.
Till morn, sometimes, a social glass I take,
Not for my wine, but my companion's sake;
In short, broke loose from Wales to company,
There's nothing so irregular as I.
And when discourse, and claret fill my head,
I quite forget there's such a place as bed;
Such are the nights that I have seen of yore;
Such are the nights that I shall see no more.
When Winnington and Fox, with flow of soul,
With sense and wit, drove round the cheerful bowl;

Our hearts were open'd, and our converse free,
But now they both are lost, quite lost to me.
One to a mistress gives up all his life,
And one from me flies wisely to his wife;*
There proves the highest joys that man can prove,
The joys of truth, and of alternate love.
Each happy in his diff'rent path go on,
Pleas'd and content; I, pensive and alone,
Rejoice at both your fates, but mourn my own.
No more of this, my Muse, lets turn to Hill,
I 've something more to tell of parson Hill;
For Fame's posterior trumpet brays aloud,
That Canon Hill is grown excessive proud;
And minds no more (all that Fame says I'll prove),
The Lord of Redlynch† than the Lord above;
Forgets old friends, and of his promise fails,
Ne'er shew'd Sir Charles his staring face in Wales.

---

* Lady Caroline Lenox, wife of the Right Honourable Henry Fox.—W.

† Redlynch the seat of Lord Ilchester.—W.

For which, at Maddington he will so use him,
So joke upon, so teaze, and so abuse him;
Tell all he knows of him, both truth and slander,
Make ev'ry thing he says a *double entendre*.
To all the servants, as his constant trade is,
Expose him, make him blush before the ladies;
Always take care to shew where he's absurd,
Ask him the meaning of a *Latin word;*
And use him, since he is no more the same man,
As ill as, had he pow'r, he 'd use a layman.
But, dearest Muse, advise him as a friend,
His pride to mod'rate, and his life to mend;
And this short lesson whisper in his ear,
As he his fortune bears, with him we 'll bear.

A NEW BALLAD:

TO THE TUNE OF "YE COMMONS AND PEERS."

Written in the beginning of May, 1743.

ATTEND to my call,
Ye Jacobites all,
Who so long have wept over this nation;
And with me you will own,
That England is grown,
To be in a blest situation.

Since Walpole, that fool,
No longer does rule,
But to Norfolk is gone in disgrace;
What mayn't we expect,
When once we reflect,
What wise men are come in his place!

The objection was good,
That no one man could
Alone bear the weight of this realm;
So that you might be pleas'd,
And the nation be eas'd,
There's a dozen at least at the helm.

They with you were once join'd,
And closely combin'd,
As Liberty's chiefest upholders;
And if they 're got higher,
Than you might desire,
It was by the help of your shoulders.

'Tis well known to you,
That they 've nothing in view,
But the best patriotical ends;
For with them you agreed
In all that they said,
And for twenty long years were their friends.

They're still the same men,
As you knew 'em then,
In action, and honour, as clear;
Sandys ready and bright,
Bath steady and tight,
And Carteret calm and sincere.

Their gratitude now,
Resolving to show
To you who have got them their places;
They've done such a thing,
As may ruin the king,
And of course must regain your good graces.

The Hanover line,
Is not *right divine*,
And therefore they know you can't bear it;
And our army so great,
You must thoroughly hate,
Since more than the devil you fear it.

So your good old allies,
To stop all your cries,
And of ev'ry complaint to disarm ye,
Now they're at the helm,
Quite out of the realm
Have sent both the king and the army.

THE HIGHLANDERS FLIGHT;

A NEW GRUB-STREET BALLAD:

(Written in June, 1743.)

Vicit Amor patriæ.

WHEN an ample relief
For Austria's chief,
At length was decreed by these islands;
We summon'd our force,
Dragoons, foot and horse,
And a regiment fetch'd from the Highlands.

In their own country plaid
They were cleverly clad,
And seem'd so well furnish'd for war;
That one would have thought,
They'd as fiercely have fought,
As Croat, Pandour, or Hussar.

Our troops cross'd the water,
The king follow'd after,
But the Highlanders wouldn't go over;
For tho' all of them swear,
Yet none of them care,
To fight for the House of Hanover.

They would not agree
To crossing the sea,
And a doubtful campaign to go thro';
For receiving their pay,
Their sixpence a day,
Was all they thought they had to do.

They remember'd Argyle,
What he did ere while,
And they follow'd that step of his grace's;
Who seeing from far,
That there must be a war,
Resign'd his commands and his places.

So when danger was nigh,
They determin'd to fly,

And on England each man turn'd his breech;
And with joy they ran home,
To the place whence they come,
To beggary, Oatmeal, and Itch.

Do our Regents act right,
Who hinder their flight,
And to Scotland won't let them repair;
They 're surely too strict,
For can they inflict
A worse punishment than to go there.

O, yes, there is one,
And I wish it were done,
In spight of all Tweedale can say;
Since they won't march or fight,
Disband them out right,
And strip them of clothes and of pay.

We have sometimes been told,
That the English of old,

Have fled from their enemies blows;
But the Scotch, for their glory,
Are the first in all story,
That run without seeing their foes.

What, then, would they've done
At th' attack of a town,
Where the bullets and bombs might have hit 'em;
At the first walls or ditches,
If they'd had any breeches,
They certainly would have ——— 'em.

George, stand thy own friend,
And never depend
On such Jacobite rascals as these are;
They're for James the 3rd all,
And would fly to his call,
As Lepidus' troops did to Cæsar.

AN ODE

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY PELHAM, ESQ.

On his being appointed first Commissioner of the Treasury; written and sent from Maddington, Sept. 1743.

I decus i nostrum.—VIRG.

THE fair one, who, in beauty's pride,
Sees crowds of lovers at her side,
Whose eyes confess their flame;
Whose titles, fortune, merit, birth,
Must make her conscious of her worth,
And please the matchless dame:

Yet, if some less deserving swain,
Approach to swell her pompous train,

And passion strive to move;
She does not blast him with her frowns,
Nor quite rejects his vows, but owns
'Tis some desert to love.

So, steady Pelham, tho' on you,
All who to Freedom's cause are true,
However great, attend;
Yet don't despise my distant bow,
But let a nod or smile allow,
You own me for a friend.

Far be from me all flatt'ring lays,
'Tis merit's debt I pay, my praise
Is founded on esteem;
Truth ever shall direct my Muse,
Truth guides this verse, truth makes me chuse
A Pelham for my theme.

In public, acting firm and just,
To private friendship's sacred trust

Fix'd, steady, and sincere;
The Whigs proclaim the public part,
The private——Orford's grateful heart
And able tongue declare.

Advanc'd by king's and people's voice,
Old England's genius blest the choice,
And fearless now she stands;
Secure of all that 's great and good,
While Pelham's counsels are pursu'd,
And George himself commands.

Oh, might I hope to share a part
In such a noble, honest heart,
Regardless of thy power;
To that my utmost wish would bend,
Nor will you blush to own a friend,
That Orford own'd before.

AN ODE

TO

MR. POPE,*

ON TWO LATE PROMOTIONS.

Written in January 1743-4.

Haud secus ac Veluti.

AS when a great tragedian 's ill,
The manager, his part to fill,
Brings forth some wretched fellow
Who spoils the part, who damns the play,
And thus the cobler of to day,
To-morrow struts Othello :

---

* Sir Charles Williams, after Mr. Pope's death, sailing up the Thames by his house at Twickenham, pulled off his hat, saying, "I am afraid of that Gunpowder Percy, though he be dead."—W.

Or as mad Charles, in war delighting,
At Bender desperately fighting,
By Janizarries wrapt in;
His friends destroy'd, his gen'rals slain,
Preferr'd the lowest of his train,
And made his cook a captain:

Or as, to make a dance at night,
When in the country, we submit,
Where company 's but rare,
To call in servants to our aid,
The butler and my lady's-maid
Make up the wanted pair:

Or as, when Lady Wronghead forces
Her booby mate to drive six horses,
T' indulge her haughty heart;
Sir Francis never kept but four,
But as my lady would have more,
He fetch'd two from the Cart:

So now at court preferments go,
Where all that's vulgar, dull and low,

By pow'r is dragg'd up stairs;
How rapidly they rise to Fame,
For the first hour you hear their name,
They're ministers or peers.

Dulness herself has forc'd her way,
Her darling son, Sir John,* 's in play,
And rules the Navy-board;
Whilst her dear Nephew, Samuel Sands,
Has kiss'd his sov'reign's lavish hands,
For coff'rer and lord.

O Pope, whom ev'ry Muse inspires,
No longer spend thy noble fires
On ev'ry nameless name;
No longer make her bards thy sport,
But boldly enter Dulness' court,
And crown her statesmen's fame.

---

* Sir John Rushout.

AN ODE

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS WINNINGTON, ESQ.*

BY

HENRY HARRIS, ESQ.†

ONE OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE WINE LICENCE, 1748.

O, BEST of patrons, and of friends,
Who once a year still condescends

---

* Winnington had been bred a Tory, but had left them in the height of Sir Robert Walpole's power. When that minister sunk, he had injudiciously, and to please my Lady Townshend, who had then the greatest influence over him, declined visiting him in a manner to offend the steady old Whigs: he had a jolly way of laughing at his own want of principles; he had more wit than any man I ever

† Henry Harris was a good scholar, much attached to Mr. Winnington, a mistress of whom he married, and by whose interest he was made Commissioner of Wine Licences, &c.—W.

To bless my poor abode;
That I your servant once again,
That annual honour may obtain,
Accept this annual ode.

Come, and the lively pow'rs dispense;
Mirth, humour, wit, good-nature, sense,
Make up thy constant train;
We'll banish politics and care,
And scarce remember there's a war
In Germany or Spain.

Nothing that 's serious shall appear,
Nor merit, Pelham's merit, there,

---

ever knew, and it was as ready and quick as it was constant and unmeditated. He died by the ignorance of a quack, who blooded and purged him to death in a few days.—W.

Winnington was first made a Lord of the Admiralty, then of the Treasury, then Cofferer, and lastly, Paymaster of the Forces, when Mr. Pelham was at the head of the Treasury.—W.

Winnington had, unluckily, lived when all virtue had been set to notorious sale, and in ridicule of false pretences had affected an honesty in avowing whatever was dishonourable. —W.

Our party's head and boast;
Nor how in each debate you shone,
Or all th' applause, and Fame you 've won,
Or all that Sands has lost.

He may at Worcester great appear,
We've found him out, that see him near,
And he our constant scoff is;
But were it not, dear friend, for you,
I could not give the fool his due,
For fear of my damn'd office.

Let nobler themes adorn our feast,
We'll talk by turns in classic taste,
Of woman and of Boys,
And envy who in *Gito's* arms,
Now feeds his eyes upon his charms,
And grasps forbidden joys.

Next Lincoln shall the subject be,
When to his Venus, Peggy Lee,

He comes like mighty Mars;
But not a word of the rebuke
He met from Love, when Richmond's Duke
Produc'd the readier Tarse.

One more request my noble friend;
Make Fox and Williams condescend
My humble roof to grace;
To see how I by thee am blest,
I without thee could have no feast,
Nor without thee a place.

In vain you strive, in vain you 're great,
Distinct in op'ning a debate,
And in replying ready;
Since all thy parts tho' strong and clear,
Can't make the wav'ring P—— sincere,
Or treach'rous Pultney steady.

HOR. EPISTLE V. LIB. I.

IMITATED AND INSCRIBED TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS WINNINGTON,* ESQ.

FROM

MR. HENRY HARRIS.

COMMISSIONER OF THE WINE LICENCE:

Written in 1742.

IF you, great Winnington, can condescend,
To taste the dinner of a grateful friend;

---

* At that time Paymaster of the Forces.

Winnington's wife is dead; it may be an unlucky event to Lady ———: as he has no children, he will certainly marry again. Who will give him their daughter unless he breaks off that affair, which I believe he will now very willingly make a marriage article? We want him to take Lady Charlotte Fermor:* she was always his beauty, and has so many charming qualities, that she would make any body happy: he will make a good husband, he is excessively good-natured.—W.

* Afterwards married to the Honourable W. Finch, and was mother of the present Earl of Winchelsea.

Of kindness still to add another proof,
And with thy presence bless my humble roof.
Once more t' adorn thy servant's annual feast,
To-morrow I expect you for my guest;
Claret, the best my little vaults afford,
And well-sav'd hermitage shall grace my board.
My rooms shall all be clean, large fires be made,
My dinner ready, and my table spread;
To-morrow 's dedicated to delight,
And wit and wine shall crown the happy night.
Do thou, unbent, this feast of Bacchus keep,
Let Love be silent and Ambition sleep;
For Clora, let thy breast no passion feel,
And Sands* unenvy'd hug th' exchequer seal.
Since, dearest Patron, you 've increas'd my store,
I will be happier, and I'll spend the more;
For I've no heirs to curse me in the grave,
No wife unjointur'd who persuades to save.

---

* Samuel Sandys, Chancellor of the Exchequer, afterwards created a Baron.—W.

Bring bumpers, then, wine gives the weary rest,
Unlocks the crooked Politician's breast;
Relieves the wretched, makes the coward brave,
Gives riches to the poor, and frees to the slave.
Inspir'd by potent bumpers all the night,
Rushout* is eloquent, and Bootle† bright;
Fazakerly‡ grows candid, Waller clear,
And Lim'rick's§ face one smile of joy may wear.
Good wine I'll give you, and for all the rest,
If 'tis not fine, it shall be clean at least;
No dirty napkins shall offend your eye,
Nor greasy glasses make you pass them by.
And that our conversation may be free,
Let well-try'd friends compose the company;

---

* Sir John Rushout, one of the Commissioners of the Treasury.—W.

† Sir Thomas Bootle, Chancellor to the Prince.—W.

‡ Nicholas Fazakerley.—W.

§ James Hamilton, Lord Viscount Limerick, a great friend of Lord Bath's, who had obtained the reversion of King's Remembrancer for himself and his son on the change of the ministry 1742. He was created Earl of Clanbrasil 1756.—W.

Williams, with spirits and good-humour blest,
And Fox with ev'ry virtue in his breast.
If Yonge can quit his business, or his play,
Or from some doating fair one break away,
Let him be summon'd to the festal day;
And if these a'n't enough to eat my mutton,
I can find room for Gordon, Wight, and Sutton.
But still the guests, the number of them too,
And all that's mine, dear Patron 's left to you;
Come, then, along, neglect affairs of state,
And let thy levee all unanswer'd wait.

An Epitaph

ON THE LATE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS WINNINGTON, ESQ.;

BY

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

NEAR his paternal seat, here buried lies,
The grave, the gay, the witty, and the wise.
Form'd for all parts, in all alike he shin'd,
Variously great! a genius unconfin'd!
In converse bright, judicious in debate,
In private amiable, in public great:
With all the statesman's knowledge, prudence, art,
With friendship's open, undesigning heart.
The friend and heir here join their duty: one
Erects the busto, one inscribes the stone.
Not that they hope from these his fame should live,
That claims a longer date than they can give;

False to their trusts, the mould'ring busts decay,
And, soon effac'd, inscriptions wear away:
But English annals shall their place supply;
And, while they live, his name can never die.

THE CHAIRMAN'S* SPEECH

TO THE

SECRET COMMITTEE.

April 1741.

GENTLEMEN;

AFTER many and hard struggles to obtain it, we are at length met together, for the satisfaction of this injured nation, in a Secret Committe; and I will not doubt one instant, but that we are all (or at least a great majority of us) met

---

* James Hamilton, Viscount Limerick, was Chairman of the Secret Committee for inquiring into the last ten years of the administration of Robert, Earl of Orford. Mr. Pultney moved for the inquiry to be for the last twenty years, but that was rejected; and, as the same question cannot be moved twice in the same session, he moved a week or a fortnight afterwards for ten years, which was carried.—W.

here with the same honest design of doing justice to Great Britain in general, and not to any one person in particular; and as there is nothing the people don't expect from our hands, surely we ought to stick at nothing to answer their expectations. As for my part, you may depend upon my executing my important trust with all the warmth and zeal of an inflamed English heart, and all the prudence and discretion of an Irish head.

Gentlemen;

There have been several Secret Committees in England; but God forbid that I should aim at confining to Precedents, so unprecedented a Committee as this. I shall, therefore, only point out such parts of the conduct of former ones, as I think most worthy our imitation. I shall begin with that of the year 1715, when it was thought necessary for some people to justify the clamour they had long kept up against the Lord Treasurer Oxford. That Committee met, and, to their immortal honour, did more than

could have been expected from them by any reasonable person; for they found out, and framed, articles of High Treason against that noble Earl, in which articles, the rest of the nation have not been able yet to perceive that there was the least thing treasonable. That Committee, however, got the House to agree with them; and the Impeachment was carried up to the Lords: by which that Earl suffered a long and painful imprisonment for what he never could be tried for. Another instance that I must mention, is that of the Secret Committee upon the affairs of the South Sea. That Committee saw the flame that was in these kingdoms, and to appease it prevailed with the House to consent to strip numbers of persons of all they were possessed of in the world, without suffering them either to defend their innocence, or mitigate their guilt! No. They were gloriously punished, untried, unheard. I could instance other examples, but surely the two I have already quoted are sufficient to animate minds,

so well disposed as ours, with a just sense of our duty, of what we owe to those who sent us hither. Pray consider that we are vested with the fullest powers, there's nothing we can't do; and therefore our whole credit with the people is at stake, that we do a great deal. For does any person here imagine it will be a sufficient excuse to the people of England in general, or the good City of London in particular, to say the Earl of Orford escaped because he was innocent? No, gentlemen, do not flatter yourselves that such answers will satisfy. We have already persuaded them that he is guilty, and consequently they look upon it as our duty to find him so; and this, I hope, will prove no difficult task, considering the helps we have to effect it. Is there a person in these kingdoms (King and Lords not excepted), that we cannot bring before us. We are masters of every cabinet and escrutoir in this nation, and we can call for the most secret papers in England. Consider too, that at our tribunal every person may give vent

to his spleen, satiate his revenge, and gratify his resentment against the late minister. We will with patience hear the evidence these patriots shall give; but I will say no more upon evidence, for it would be impertinent in me to do it, whilst there is a person sitting with us in this assembly, who understands the nature of evidence before Secret Committees better than any man alive; and I cannot help here doing him that justice, which all the world does, of owning, that he once appeared as an evidence as much to his own advantage as ever man did. As to our method of proceeding, this being the first time I ever sat in such a chair, I cannot well direct you. However, I will begin by asking if any among ourselves know any thing against Robert, Earl of Orford?—whoever does I hope he will speak. I am sure, if I did, it would be the joy of my heart and pride of my life to declare it. Since nobody makes me any answer, I shall propose another thing, which is, that we should, without loss of time, order our

secretary to advertise for information in all the public papers. I have prepared an advertisement, which I hope will meet with your approbation.

" TO ALL TRUE LOVERS OF THEIR COUNTRY.

" If any person or persons have any pique, " spleen, resentment, malice, hatred, or revenge, " against the right honourable Robert, Earl of " Orford, or do imagine or believe that, within " the space of these ten years last past, the said " Earl hath injured and oppressed them by not " complying with their just hopes and demands, " and rewarding their undoubted merits; and if " they by themselves, or the company they keep, " know any thing against him, let them repair to " the Secret Committee, where they may depend " upon receiving civil usage, a greedy and patient " hearing; and all other the best encouragement."

This, gentlemen, is what I have drawn up, and what I shall submit to the Committee. There is another thing, that had liked to have slipt out

of my memory, which is, that we want one power more; the power of rewarding. This would certainly make evidence come in faster and stronger. I hope, therefore, you will soon order me to move the House, that we may, for the better encouragement of informers, have power to order the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury to issue, from time to time, such sums to evidence as we may think they deserve. I find some gentlemen start at this proposal. I do not know how it may be in England; but in my country there is nothing more common than paying evidence, and we find it the most effectual way of doing business. There is another want we labour under, the assistance of a gentleman who did not succeed in the ballot—I mean, though last not least in love, the good Frebonius:* the intimacy he once had with the Earl of Orford, and the entire affection he now bears his country, must have been of the greatest

* Mr. Doddington.

service to us. However, I am desired by him to acquaint the Committee, that if, out of the many years friendship, and free conversation he had with the said Earl, he can remember the least word that can be wrested into a crime, he will, the instant he can recollect it, voluntarily come to us and make an affidavit of it with the greatest pleasure. I hope we shall through the whole course of our proceedings have it constantly in our minds, that what we are about is for the satisfaction of the people. For them is it possible to do too much?—are we then to insist upon nicety of proof, or regard the exact difference between right and wrong? Such distinctions may be thought of in cases of lesser criminals, such as robbers, murderers, &c. but higher offenders should have different measure. Let us all remember that the people of England are our dernier resort, from whom there is no appeal: they, therefore, can do no wrong; and, consequently, when we act as they would have us, we must do right. I hope at our next

meeting we shall make a beginning, though our chief view ought to be our end; and the report which we must one day make. For think what a scandal and eternal reproach it would be to us, if after all that we have for so many years said, written, and printed, against Lord Orford, we should at last be able to prove nothing; and what a fatal blow it would be to ourselves and our party, if by these means Englishmen should grow calm and be undeceived.

Thus have I spoke my mind freely; though I know all that hear me do not agree in my way of thinking, yet I have the solid comfort of being certain, that the majority does. I shall now conclude with adding one thing more, which is, that I hope the behaviour of this Committee will be such as will teach all future ministers to know, that, let their private lives be ever so innocent, their public behaviour ever so meritorious, they must not pretend to keep power (nor I hope life and fortune neither), one moment longer than the mob of this country,

and the Common Council of this City shall think fit. Here the Chairman sat down, upon which Edmund Evidence,* esq. rose up and moved, that the thanks of the Committee be given to the Chairman, for his excellent, humane, moral, and popular speech; and that he be desired to print the same. To this there were objections made, particularly to the words humane and moral; but, upon a division, it was carried that they should stand part of the question.—Pro, 14; Con, 6.

And then the Committee adjourned to Monday morning, nine of the clock.

ADVERTISEMENT.

By their Majesties' command, at the New Theatre Royal in Privy Garden, on Sunday next, being a holyday, will be presented a Play called—

---

* Edmund Waller.

THE COMMITTEE,

OR THE

FAITHFUL IRISHMAN.

The part of Teague, by particular desire, to be performed by a real Irishman, with a variety of entertainments.

At the end of Act I—A Song. *Now comes on the glorious year.*

At the end of Act II—A Song. *We have cheated the people, we 'll cheat 'em again.*

At the end of Act III.—*The Irish Howl.*

At the end of Act IV.—*A Fury Dance.*

At the end of the Play.—*The Devil to Pay.*

No persons, whoever, to be admitted behind the scenes.

VIVANT REGES.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY A LATE MOTION.

"TAXES run high,"—the Britons loud complain'd.
'Twas moved that luxury should be restrain'd;
To lace our breeches was a mortal sin,
And wear all gold without, and none within.
This meant the ministry, would they confess,
"The more we have ourselves, the king has less;"
For who could fear that luxury would last?
Excises, taxes, sinking funds, are spent,
And sure seven millions are a high rack-rent.
"The lace you may allow us," quoth Sir John,*
"We soon shall have no coats to put it on."

---

* Sir John Hinde Cotton.

1752, January 4th, died Sir John Cotton, the last Jacobite of any sensible activity.—W.

The knight's remark most questionless was
shrewd,
He who can pay no whore, must not be lewd.
A Briton once said to a Gaul alert,
" You found the ruffles, and we found the shirt."
Without the last, few would the first promote,
And who will buy a lace that has no coat ?

Application from VIRGIL, *to the* EARL *of* BATH *and the Author of some late Odes.*

——Ille * suæ contra non immemor artis,
Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum,
Ignemque; horribilemque; feram, fluviumque; liquentem.
Verum ubi nulla fugam reperit fallacia, victus
In sese redit, atque hominis tandem ore locutus:
Nam quis† te, juvenum confidentissime, nostras
Jussit adire domos? quidve hinc petis?——
——————Inquit at ille:
Scis PROTEU, scis ipse; neque est te fallere cuiquam.
Sed Tu desine velle: Deûm præcepta secuti
Venimus————

GEORG. *lib.* 4, *lin.* 440.

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* Comes de Bath. † Odarum Scriptor.

Translation.

He, not unmindful of his usual art,
First in dissembled fire attempts to part:
Then roaring beasts, and running streams, he tries,
And wearies all his miracles of lies:
But, having shifted ev'ry form to 'scape,
Convinc'd of conquest, he resum'd his shape,
And thus, at length, in human accent spoke:
"Audacious youth! what madness could provoke
"A mortal man t' invade a sleeping god?
"What bus'ness brought thee to my dark abode?"
To this, th' audacious youth: "Thou know'st full well
"My name and bus'ness, god! nor need I tell.
"No man can Proteus cheat: but, Proteus, leave
"Thy fraudful arts, and do not thou deceive:
"Following the gods' command, I come——"

DRYDEN.

A LETTER

TO

MR. DODSLEY,

BOOKSELLER IN PALL-MALL;

Written in January 1742-3.

Fis Anus et tamen.

SIR;—Though, for the generality, the books you usher into the world come forth as correct as possible, for which (as a man of reading) I take this opportunity of thanking you; yet, give me leave to tell you that, in your edition of Dr. Young's Poem, called, "The Complaint, or Night Thoughts," Part II., there is one erratum so gross and apparent, that I am surprised it could escape you. It is in the first of

the two following lines, at the bottom of the 28th page.

> A Wilmington goes slower than the Sun,
> And all mankind mistake their time of day.

Now, suppose you should, to use your own phrase, *dele the Sun, and lege a snail;* and then the verses would run thus:

> A Wilmington goes slower than a snail,
> And all mankind mistake their time of day.

And, as the last line is plainly intended by the poet, as an excuse for this noble person's having mistaken his time of day, I would also submit it to you, whether that likewise should not receive a small alteration of, *But* instead of *And;* and then the verses will run thus:

> A Wilmington goes slower than a snail,
> But all mankind (*i. e.* all mankind as well his lordship),
> ———————— mistake their time of day.

Which is a genteel excuse for a superannuated person's accepting such an employment as his lordship is now in; seeing that, according to this author, it is no particular failing in his lordship;

but that all mankind are subject to the same error of mistaking their time of day.

> A Wilmington goes slower than a snail.
> But all mankind mistake their time of day.

But, to return to the most material error, which is that of the word Sun. I must beg leave to impute it entirely to your negligence, and to be almost certain, that it can be no other than a false print; for do you, Mr. Dodsley, believe, that Dr. Young really thinks it necessary to keep up a character of orthodoxy among his brethren, by pretending to believe literally the old story of Joshua? Does not he yet know, from the concurrent assent of all astronomers, that the Sun never stirs out of its place? And how can Lord Wilmington go slower than that which never moves? I really believe he could, if any man in England could; but having so lately made himself *first minister*, it would be hard to put his Lordship so soon upon attaining any more impossibilities. Another reason why I think this Sun must have been a mistake is,

that I have myself been preparing a panegyric in honour of this able, active, supreme, sole minister, throughout which I could never connect his Lordship with the Sun, so as to bring them both into the same sentence; and, Good God, how could a man think of his Lordship and the Sun in the same line? 'Tis, I must confess, a vast extent of thought, far beyond my compass. The Sun shines fixed, and immoveable in its own proper sphere. Is his Lordship in his sphere? Is his Lordship immoveable? Is his Lordship bright? Does he shine? Does he dazzle? Does he influence? Does he enlighten? Does he warm? Or can he create? When he retires from mortal eyes for some short time to Chiswick, do men wish to see his face again? Do they wait impatiently his coming out? Don't they rather think it time he should go out? How could his Lordship put any body in mind of the Sun? Nay, the Poet himself owns that his Lordship has mistaken his time of day; and that too is a thing

which the Sun never does. There is another remarkable instance in which he likewise differs from the Sun. The Sun is less favourable to England, than to almost any other country. Whereas, his Lordship's whole bent and study is, to make glorious and happy this already, totally, undone, nation. For what else, but a heart entirely English, could have persuaded an old infirm decay'd body and understanding, high in nobility, rich in excess, and without issue (for as I before observed he can create nothing), to take upon himself the *sole* government of this hard-ruled people? But for their good, what would he not? Nay, what does he not submit to? He stalks about, a first minister; not like the Sun: for he cannot show us even the shadow of power. Condescends to preside at a board where he has no influence; to sit in a parliament where he has no utterance; and most assiduously attend a council where he has no *opinion*. Look at his employments, and you will wonder at his power. Look at his

power, and you will be amazed at his employments. If he must be in the heavens, then it cannot be as a Sun; it must be as a Phænomenon, and such a one as never appeared in our hemisphere before; an inoffensive great man, an unregarded first minister, so much so, that I verily believe I am the only person who has his greatness enough at heart, ever to mention his name to the world; where, however, in spite of all my endeavours, it may happen to be forgot, unless his Lordship should prudently make an order at the Treasury (and I do not doubt Mr. Sandys will consent to it upon proper application through my Lord Bath), that the following advertisement be published weekly in the London Evening Post:

"This is to assure the public, that the Earl of "Wilmington, &c. &c. still continues to act and "sit at the Treasury-board, and carry on the "business there, to the great advantage of these "kingdoms, very methodically, and *slower than* "*the sun;* by their Lordships' command.

"J. JEFFREYS."

And I cannot but think, that it would be right, too, to get this Mr. J. Jeffreys to certify to the public (for people don't believe Mr. Cary*), that it was his Lordship, and not the late Mr. Pultney, that made him Secretary to the Treasury.—But whatever is to be done of this kind, if his Lordship should submit so far as to take advice from so mean a hand as mine, I would, for fear of accidents, entreat him to put it immediately into execution; a week's delay may be dangerous; and, I believe, a month's would be fatal. And now, Mr. Dodsley, I must beg pardon for this long digression; but the subject fired me, and you, who are yourself an author, know how much pains it costs us, not to follow started Game, though I fear you won't allow my temptation to have been great, since so little diversion was to be expected from the pursuit of game that goes *slower than the Sun*. But, to return to my subject:—You won't, I

* Walter Cary, friend to Lord Wilmington.—W.

hope, now wonder that I so confidently believe, that if you will again look over the MS. from which the Poem was printed, you will find the word *snail*, instead of *sun*. That word suits every way: it fits the place in the verse, and nothing can be more applicable. A snail being the slowest creature in the Creation, except that which the ingenious poet has placed behind it; but, if after looking over the MS., it should still prove to be *sun*, I beg you will write to the doctor, lest it should have been a fault in the transcribing; but if there again I should be (or rather if the doctor should have been) mistaken, I beg of you in all humility to propose, and in the second edition (which I dare hope this letter will a little conduce to its having) insert my emendation. Insert it, if it be only in regard to common sense; for, really, to say that a man moves slower than a thing that does not move at all, is nonsense. But to say Lord Wilmington is slower than the slowest reptiles, is very intelligible. Thus have I sent you my

thoughts upon this trifling subject; but don't imagine it proceeds from any pique or spleen to the Poet or his HERO. Though, as a friend to learning, I own myself a little hurt, that his Lordship ever since he stumbled into his great employment, has cut off those small remains of encouragement, given by his predecessor to us men of letters. The disbanding the regiment of Gazetteers, and introducing Hanover forces in their stead, I will venture to tell, is not at all popular in our neighbourhood; and, however despised the writings of my friends may have been, I dare affirm they did as much real service to the cause they were engaged in, as ever the Electoral troops will do. The one contributed a little to support the late administration; the other, I believe, and hope, will destroy the present. Both have been paid extravagantly; but the Gazetteers did something, whereas the Hanoverians, whenever they are wanted against the Emperor, will, I dare say, be found to move as slow as the *snail*, or his *Lordship*, or the *sun*.

Before I conclude, I should excuse myself, that this letter makes its first appearance in a public newspaper. But you must consider it is a sort of appeal to the public, as well as to the printer, and author and his HERO.

And now if any thing herein should give offence, which (considering the taste of the age we live in) I think next to impossible, I shall only beg of those who condemn it, that they will do it in Doctor Young's own words; and let me find a little flattery mixed with their censure, when struck with just admiration of the character and talents of his HERO, and astonished at my daring familiarity with so *great* and so *powerful* a man, they cry out with him

Wits spare not *Heav'n*, O Wilmington, nor *thee.*

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

JOHN GRUB.

Grub-Street,
February, 1742-3.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

SAMUEL SANDYS,*

AND

EDMUND WALLER, Esqrs.

February 1742-3.

Et cantare pares, et respondere parati.

THE ARGUMENT.

[SAMUEL Sandys,† as he was going up, and Edmund Waller, as he was going down, met in

---

* Samuel, first Lord Sandys, on his resignation of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, was created a Peer.—*Ob.* 1770.—W.

† Sir Charles Hanbury Williams made a couple of ballads with much wit, to ridicule both Sandys and Lord Hervey.—W.

Solomon's Porch; when, after some remembrance of the many merry hours they had spent together, they both lamented, that, since their parting, fortune had obliged them often to transact business with men who had the vice of wit; which, as they very cleverly observed, always spoiled company. Of this they mention two glaring instances; at last S. Sandys comforts himself, that in the midst of this calamity, he enjoys two very good employments, one whereof is a Twin.* This nettles Mr. Waller, and the dialogue concludes with all the smartness of wit, humour, scandal, and repartee, imaginable.]

IN thy Porch, Solomon, two members met,
Fam'd for their love to business; hate to wit.
First they saluted, then they silence broke,
And thus the Placeman to the Patriot spoke:

* Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord of the Treasury.—W.

SAMUEL SANDYS.

" When you and I, o'er long accounts sat poring,
" And Rushout, by us, in his chair was snoring,
" My apprehension, Sir, and your explaining, *
" Made conversation bright, and entertaining."

EDMUND WALLER.

" When you and I together were combin'd,
" My matter to your elocution join'd;

---

* Lord Chesterfield having been for a fortnight with Mr. Waller at Beconsfield, to be instructed in the Revenue; found him so dull and incapable of explaining his ideas, that he said he had been beating his head against a Wall'er.—W.

Lord Chesterfield on his retirement, lived a great deal of his time at White's, gaming, and pronouncing witticisms. Amongst the boys of quality, he early in life, announced his claim to wit, and the women believed in it. He had besides given himself out for a man of great intrigue, and with as slender pretensions, yet the women believed in that too; one should have thought they had been more competent judges of merit in that particular.—W.

The Duchess of Marlborough left Lord Chesterfield £.20,000, for the prejudices he had done to the Royal Family: she was scarce cold before Lord Chesterfield returned to the king's service.—W.

" All I explain'd you were so quick in taking,
" No wonder all the house adored your speaking."

SAMUEL SANDYS.

" Now, on Lord Wilmington I often wait,
" Vers'd in affairs, methodically great;
" Business he loves, nor e'er the board does fail,
" True as the clock, tho' slower than a *snail*."

EDMUND WALLER.

" Sometimes with *Cotton** for an hour I sit,
" But still our conversation's spoil'd by wit;
" To my plain narratives he won't attend,
" Gods, where can such an opposition end?

---

* Sir John Cotton had wit, and the faithful attendant of wit, ill-nature; and was the greatest Master of the Arts of the house, where he seldom made but short speeches, having a stammering in his elocution, which, however, he knew how to manage with humour, *Ob.* 1752.—W.

SAMUEL SANDYS.

" Observe, dear Waller, how our fates agree,
" My worthy Countryman's the same to me:
" When on some question, I've a meeting gain'd,
" He cries, ' He's master on't,' ere 'tis explain'd;
" And absent, when attention I require,
" Whisks round the room, and spits into the fire."

EDMUND WALLER.

" There's *Bub*, who has the face of all this nation,
" By nature form'd the most for application;
" He, notwithstanding which, is damn'd provoking,
" Sometimes *coughs* out a laugh, and will be joking."

SAMUEL SANDYS.

" Hard are the cases that you talk about,
" Besides you have the curse of being out;

" Tho' I, like you, am plagu'd with witty friends,
" Yet, being in employment, makes amends;
" I in the Treasury comfortably feel,
" With double salary, and Exchequer seal."

EDMUND WALLER.

" What? do'st thou triumph in thy shameful rise,
" The hire of perfidy, Corruption's price?
" But thou art much o'erpaid for thy disgrace,
" Thou never dared'st have hop'd for such a place,
" By thy own inabilities o'erawed;
" But Carteret pimp'd for it, and Bath was bawd."

SAMUEL SANDYS.

" What, Mr. Waller! I perceive you 're hot,
" The place was mine, however it was got;
" And such a place was welcome, Sir, to me,
" Who did not share the spoils of the South-Sea."

EDMUND WALLER.

" Do'st thou pretend to censure my behaviour
" After the steps you 've ta'en to gain court-favour?
" Henceforward know me for thy foe, and war
" To thee and thine, I from this hour declare:
" And, Sir, to use your Earl of Bath's own word,
" Throw by the scabbard, when I draw the sword;
" Our party 's to this resolution come,
" Not to have war abroad, but war at home."

SAMUEL SANDYS.

" Your passion, Sir, won't let you see things right,
" And of your reason gets the better quite;
" 'Twas by long patience that we both grew wise,
" Here, then, I'll offer you a compromise:
" Sir Robert stood for twenty years, you know,
" In spite of all that we could say or do;

" So long let me hold my employment too,
" And if I'm tir'd on't, then I'll give it you."

EDMUND WALLER.

" When for that place at court you made your bow,
" I was not half so shock'd as I am now;
" This is a turn, I thought you'd ne'er have chose,
" Can Samuel Sands attempt to be jocose.
" Pull from thy button-hole thy ink-horn then,
" And throw away thy once note-taking pen;
" On turnpike bills no more attendance pay,
" And ev'n from night Committees keep away:
" Make no more motions, from debating cease,
" On Hanoverian forces hold thy peace.
" But on the Treasury-bench securely sit,
" Crack jokes with *Pelham* till your sides are split,
" And try a wrest with Winnington at wit:
" Then by th' observing house it will be said,
" Sands with his principles has lost his head."

Thus the two heroes spoke, and, which is worse,
I over-heard each word of their discourse;
And here my Lollius has it in this letter.
Now, which of these prevail'd, which got the
better,
And which deserves to be a party leader—
I leave to thee, impartial candid reader.

An Epigram.

DEEP, deep, in Sandys* blundering head,
The new Gin project sunk;
" O, happy project," sage, he cried,
" Let all the realm be drunk.
" 'Gainst universal hate and scorn,
" This scheme my sole defence is,
" For when I've beggar'd half the realm,
" 'Tis time to drown their senses."

* Samuel Sandys, a republican opposer of the Court, was made Chancellor of the Exchequer in the room of Sir Robert Walpole, 1742; but was turned out in less than two years, and made Cofferer and a Baron, and entirely laid aside, on the disgrace of Lord Granville.—W.

SANDYS AND JEKYLL;*

A NEW BALLAD:

To the Tune of "When all was wrapt in dark Midnight."

Printed in April 1743.

Obstupuit steteruntque comæ.

'TWAS at the silent, solemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Jekyll's grimly ghost,
And stood at Sandys' feet.

His face was like a Winter's day,
Clad in November's frown;
And clay-cold was his shrivel'd hand,
That held his tuck'd-up gown.

---

* Sir Joseph Jekyll, Master of the Rolls, author of the Bill against Spirituous Liquors, which Mr. Sandys got repealed, to increase the Revenue.—W.

Sands quak'd with fear, th' effect of guilt,
Whom thus the Shade bespoke;
And with a mournful, hollow voice,
The dreadful silence broke:

" The night Owl shrieks, the Raven croaks,
" The midnight bell now tolls;
" Behold thy late departed friend,
" The Master of the Rolls.*

" And tho' by death's prevailing hand,
" My form may alter'd be;
" Death cannot make a greater change,
" Than times have wrought in thee.

" Think of the part you're acting, Sands,
" And think where it will end;
" Think you have made a thousand foes,
" And have not gain'd one friend.

---

* Sir Joseph Jekyll was, as I have always heard and believed, as nearly, as an individual could be, the very standard of Whig principles in his age. He was a learned and able man, full of honour, integrity, and public spirit; no lover of innovation, nor disposed to change his solid principles for the giddy fashion of the hour.—*Burke.*

" Oft hast thou said, our cause was good,
" Yet you that cause forsook;
" Oft against places hast thou rail'd,
" And yet a place you took.

" 'Gainst these how often hast thou spoke,
" With whom you now assent;
" The Court how oft hast thou abus'd,
" And yet to Court you went.

" How could you vote for war with Spain,
" Yet make that war to cease?
" How could you weep for England's debts,
" Yet make those debts increase?

" How could you swear your country's good
" Was all your wish, or fear?
" And how could I, old doating fool,
" Believe you were sincere!

" Thou art the cause, why I appear,
" From blissful regions drawn!
" Why teeming graves cast up their dead,
" And why the church-yards yawn,

" Is owing all to thee, thou wretch!
" The bill thou hast brought in
" Opens this mouth, tho' clos'd by death,
" To thunder against Gin.

" If of good-nature any spark
" Within thee thou canst find;
" Regard the message that I bring—
" Have mercy on mankind.

" But, Oh, from thy relentless heart,
" The horrid day I see,
" When thy mean hand shall overturn
" The good design'd by me.

" Riot and slaughter once again
" Shall their career begin;
" And ev'ry parish sucking babe,
" Again be nurs'd with Gin.

" The soldiers from each cellar drunk,
" Shall scatter ruin far;
" Gin shall intoxicate, and then,
" Let slip those dogs of war.

" This proves thee, Sands, thy country's foe,
" And Desolation's friend;
" What can thy project be in this,
" And what can be thy end?

" Is it that, conscious of thy worth,
" Thy sense, thy parts, thy weight;
" Thou know'st this nation must be drunk,
" E're it can think thee great?

" Too high, poor Wren, hast thou been borne,
" On Pultney's eagle wings;
" Thou wert not form'd for great affairs,
" Nor made to talk with kings.

" But where's thy hate to Courts and pow'r?
" Thy patriotism, Sands?
" Think'st thou that gown adorns thy shape,
" That purse becomes thy hands?

" As when the Fox upon the ground
" A tragic mask espy'd;
" 'O, what a specious front is here,
" 'But where's the brain' he cry'd.

" So thou, a lord of Treasury,
" And Chancellor art made;
" Sir Robert's place, and Robe, and Seal,
" Thou hast—but where's his head?

" Thou 'rt plac'd by far too high—in vain
" To keep your post you strive;
" In vain like Phaeton attempt,
" A chariot you can't drive.

" Each act you do, betrays your parts,
" And tends to your undoing;
" Each speech you make, your dulness shows,
" And certifies your ruin.

" Think not, like oaks, to stand on high,
" And brave the storms that blow;
" But, like the reed, bend to the ground,
" And to be safe, be low.

" Poor in thyself, each party's joke,
" Each trifling songster's sport;
" Pelham supports thee in the House,
" The Earl of Bath at court.

" These are the men that push thee on,
" In thy own nature's spite;
" So, like the moon, if thou could'st shine,
" 'T would be by borrow'd light.

" But soft, I scent the morning air,
" The glow-worm pales its light;
" Farewell, remember me" it cry'd,
And vanish'd out of sight.

Sands, trembling, rose, frighted to death,
Of knowledge quite bereft;
And has, since that unhappy night,
Nor sense nor mem'ry left.

HERVEY* AND JEKYLL.

PART II.

OLD Jekyll's ghost in scorching flames,
Condemn'd to fast by day,
Until the —— got in his youth,
Be cleans'd and purg'd away.

But soon as night, with sable wing,
Ascends her sable throne,
He quits his dismal prison-house,
And stalks thro' all this town.

To ministers and patriots goes,
For his poor country's service;
Last week at Sandys' feet he stood,
And yesternight at Hervey's.

* John, Lord Hervey, Lord Privy Seal, being out of this Post on the change of Administration, went into Opposition, and made several Speeches in the House of Lords against the repeal of the Gin Act.—W.

But, Oh, how different was his look,
From that which Sands appall'd;
Smiling he op'd the curtains wide,
And thrice on Hervey call'd.

His Lordship at the spectre quak'd,
And trembled in his bed;
And would most surely have turn'd pale,
But that he'd put on red.

"Thy courtly life is all forgot,"
Thus did the ghost begin;
"And ev'ry trespass blotted out,
"By talking against Gin.

"This over all your former faults,
"Shall dark oblivion bring;
"O'er ev'ry tale you told the Queen,*
"Or whisper'd to the King.

---

* Lord Hervey had been a particular friend of Queen Caroline, and wrote the Epitaph on her, which is satirized by Pope.

" This change at once removes all doubts,
" That did mankind perplex;
" Your character will now appear,
" As clearly as your sex.

" For I am sure the Privy Seal
" Could have no weight with thee;
" Since those * who have, or have it not,
" In the same vote agree.

" This was a glorious turn, indeed,
" Made in your nature's spite;
" For tho' you know you're in the wrong,
" I think you're in the right.

" Your head and heart, were form'd for courts,
" But since you're thence rejected;
" You ought to like the part you act,
" Because it is affected.

---

* Lord Gower.—W.

" Oh, think how popular you'll be,
" Enjoy thy new-born fame;
" All men shall sing thy praises forth,
" And children lisp thy name.

" Soon *Common-sense** convinced, shall all
" His former works deny;
" The *Craftsman*,* too, repentant turn,
" And give himself the lie.

" Remember when 'gainst Gin you spoke,
" That on your magic tongue,
" Beyond the force or pow'r of gold,
" Such strong persuasion hung.

" Bishops who never hearken'd yet,
" Were with attention warm'd;
" Nor like deaf adders, turn'd their ears,
" When you so sweetly charm'd.

---

* The two weekly Journals under these titles in which Lord Hervey had often been abused.—W.

" Jacob for keeping Laban's sheep ;
" With Laban did agree,
That ev'ry party-colour'd lamb,
" Should be the shepherd's fee.

" Thus was the bench your labour's price,
" Not one behind remain'd ;
" And as your speeches' just reward,
" The whole py'd herd you gain'd.

" 'Twas you made cunning Secker* preach,
" Against this cursed bill ;
" 'Twas you made Sherlock† pow'r oppose,
" Tho' York‡ continues ill.

---

* Secker, Bishop of Oxford, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

Secker had been bred a Presbyterian and man-midwife, which sect and profession he had dropt for a season, while he was president of a Free-thinking club ; he was converted to the established church by Bishop Talbot, whose relation he had married ; and his faith settled by the good Bishop making him Prebend of Durham, from whence he was transplanted by the recommendation of Dr. Bland, and the Queen, who had no aversion to a medley of religions ; he succeeded Dr. Clark in the Rectorship of St. James's, afterwards to the Dioceses of Bristol and Oxford : his discourses

" These conquests your own hands have made,
" Pursue these glorious ends;
" You've no affections to mislead,
" No party, and no friends.

---

from the pulpit was a kind of moral essays, clear from quotations of Scripture, but what they wanted in Gospel was made up by a tone of fanaticism: he had been thrust on the king by the Earl of Hardwicke, for a marriage Secker had contrived between the Chancellor's son, and the grand-daughter and heiress of the Duke of Kent, Lady Arabella Grey. He succeeded to the see of Canterbury, 1758. *Ob.* 1768.—W.

[*See references to the following notes in the preceding page.*]

† Sherlock, Bishop of Salisbury, and afterwards of London.

Sherlock, Dr. Thomas, Bishop of London, was at Eton with Sir Robert Walpole; when he and some other boys went to bathe in the Thames, they stood shivering, Sherlock plunged in over head; and this induced Pope in his Dunciad to call him the plunging Bishop; however, Sherlock was always at the head of his class: his learning was extensive; God had given him a great, and an understanding, mind, a quick comprehension, and a solid judgment. These advantages of nature he improved by much industry and application. *Ob.* 1760.

‡ Dr. Blackbourn, Archbishop of York.

Blackbourn, the jolly old Archbishop of York, had all the manners of a man of quality, though he had been a Buccaneer, and was a clergyman; he retained nothing of his first profession, except the Seraglio. Hayter, Bishop

" I lov'd my country when on earth,
" Her freedom strove to save;
" Those cares that waited on my life,
" Attend me in the grave.

" Since death all worldly views destroys,
" You may my words believe;
" Attend then to the last advice,
" That ever I shall give.

" Sometimes with Tories give a vote,
" Sometimes with Whigs agree;
" So shall you live like me esteem'd,
" And die bemoan'd like me."

---

of Norwich, preceptor to Prince George, was his natural son; he, one day talking with Queen Caroline about Sir Robert Walpole, said, "Madam, I am glad you like the king's new mistress, Lady Yarmouth; it shews you are a sensible woman, your Majesty having no objection for your husband to divert himself.—W. Ob. 1748, after enjoying the see of York 30 years.

An Epistle

TO THE

RIGHT HON. HENRY FOX.

Written in August 1745.

Nec magis expressi vultus per ænea signa
Quam per vatis opus mores animiq: virorum
Adparent—— HOR. Ep. 2, Lib. ii.

RARE, and more rare, my verses still appear,
I scarce produce a poem in a year.
Yet blame not, Fox, or hear me e'er you blame;
My genius droops, my spirit's not the same.
My verse comes harder, and the little fire
I once possess'd, I daily feel expire;
Not as when urg'd by your desire I strung
My willing lyre, and bolder numbers sung;
Daring the patriot's treach'ry to rehearse,
Till statesmen trembled at th' impending verse.

To speak and charm in public, friend, is thine :
The silent arts of poetry are mine :
And when some striking thought affects my mind,
I rest not till to paper 'tis consign'd.
Then with a parent's fondness I behold
My child escap'd from memory's treach'rous hold ;
And smooth'd in verse, and harmoniz'd in rhyme,
I dream 'tis plac'd beyond the reach of time.
The torrent bears, my genius points the way,
I feel the impulse, and with joy obey.
Yet Vanity did ne'er allure to Fame,
I had no fondness for an author's name ;
My works, like bastards, dropt about the town,
No author claim'd, no bookseller would own.
Ambition had no beauty in my eyes ;
Verses like mine would hardly make me rise,
For ev'ry statesman hates poetic blows,
Tho' heavy on the shoulders of their foes ;
And doubtful where the Satire may point next,
They laugh, they fear, like, hate, are pleas'd and vex'd.

'Twas your desire (perhaps your flattery too)—
My verse, my fame, if any, springs from you;
And here I pay my tribute where 'tis due.
Your smiles were all my vanity requir'd,
Your nod was all the fame that I desir'd;
All my ambition was, to gain your praise,
And all my pleasure, you alone to please.
Yet PRUDENCE will be whispering in my ear,
(A croaking voice that I detest and hear;
Whom anxious *thoughts* preceding still we find,
And *plenty* with a niggard horn behind.)
" Why will you write," she cries, " forsake the Muse,
" Despise her gifts, her influence refuse;
" To me in all thy life, for once attend,
" Prudence to parts, would prove a useful friend.
" I know your wants, and offer you my aid;
" Which still you shun contemptuous and afraid;
" Pleas'd with the praise, some partial few may give,
" The hate and envy of the rest, you live;

" Write rashly on, regardless whom you hit,
" And yield to Satire, when impell'd by wit."
" Cease Goddess, cease," I cry, "I'll hear no more,
" I've ever been a rebel to thy power;
" Your caution's right, your arguments are true,
" Th' advice is good, but 'tis unpleasant too.
" Vain are your toils, and fruitless is your aid,
" Whene'er you strive to change what nature made;
" Turn to your altars, on your vot'ries shine,
" See Pelham ever kneeling at thy shrine.
" Thro' you at first, by slow degrees he rose,
" To you the zenith of his power he owes;
" You taught him in your middle-way to steer,
" Impartial, mod'rate, candid, to appear.
" Fearful of enmity, to friendship cold,
" Cautiously frank, and timorously bold;
" And so observant never to offend
" A foe, he quite forgets to fix a friend.
" Long vers'd in politics, but poor in parts,
" The Courtier's tricks, but not the Statesman's arts;

" His smile obedient to his purpose still,
" Some dirty *compromise* his utmost skill.
" In vain his own penurious soil he till'd,
" In vain he glean'd from Walpole's plenteous field;
" In vain the exchequer robes around him flow,
" The mantle does not make the prophet now.
" Behind him close, behold Newcastle's* Grace,
" Haste in his step, and absence in his face;
" Who daily suppliant to thy temple goes,
" And courts the Goddess, as he courts his foes.
" Yet, spite of all thy influence, all thy care,
" His prudence always deviates into fear;
" His natural gifts so low, he strives in vain
" To climb a height, that Dulness can attain;
" Which Rushout reach'd, with long-opposing tir'd,
" On which thy fav'rite, Wilmington, expir'd;

---

* Thomas Holles, Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Pelham's brother.—W.

" Where pliant Dorset sits, and long has sat,
" Secure from changes, and the storms of state."
But arbitrary Fortune (who derides,
Whate'er Experience frames, or Wisdom guides;
Without whose smiles, all honour, virtue, worth,
Still plead in vain) presided at his birth
Newcastle, then (and yet a child), she blest,
And rapt'rous these prophetic truths exprest;
" Tho' void of honesty, of sense, of art,
" A foolish head, and a perfidious heart.*
" Yet riches, honours, pow'r, he shall enjoy,
" Parties shall follow, monarch shall employ;
" Great Britain's seal be to his hand consign'd,
" The Ducal coronet his temples bind.
" He shall betray and lye, but all in vain,
" Spite of himself, his posts he shall maintain;
" No changes shall involve my fav'rite's fall,
" He'll join the current, and be all to all.

* Sir R. Walpole said of the Duke of Newcastle, "His name is Perfidy."—W.

" Let him but keep his outside show of power,
" He'll act with Orford, Granville, Bath, or Gower:"
" Prudence, howe'er you smile, howe'er are kind,
" Thy vot'ries ne'er are leaders of mankind;
" Unfit to govern England's restive realm,
" She asks a genius to conduct her helm,
" That dares forsake thy paths, offend thy law,
" Unaw'd by all the fantoms that you draw.
" Thy fav'rites should to Switzerland repair,
" And gently rule some peaceful Canton there;
" Or in the neutral, Adriatic state,
" With her inactive senators debate:
" Think how thy Pelham would in Lucca shine,
" And Sands be in Marino styl'd divine.
" There let 'em shine, but Britain's reins demand
" An Orford's, or, at least, a Granville's hand.
" Hence, Goddess, to such supplicants repair,
" Who make thy narrow rules their only care;
" Whose utmost aim is, barely to do well,
" Taught by thy precepts never to excel:

" Here I renounce thee, fly thy out-stretch'd
arms,
" And own the Muse's more prevailing charms."
And why not own them? can't her pow'r remove
The curse of poverty, the pangs of love?
Blunt th' edge of pain, unload the weight of
care,
Hush loud distress, and mitigate despair?
Have not her smiles, when sunk in private grief,
Turn'd my disorder'd mind, and brought relief;
Bid agonizing thought at distance wait,
Nor dare approach the Muse's sacred seat?
Nor can she only give Affliction ease,
Pleasure is her's, and her's the power to please;
She can amuse a friend's unbended hour,
And ev'ry fair one owns the Muse's pow'r.
Have not my lays made Ilchester attend,
Berkeley* approve, and Harrington† commend?

---

* Elizabeth Drax, Countess of Berkeley, wife of the fourth Earl.W.

† Lady Caroline Fitzroy, Countess of Harrington, eldest daughter of the Duke of Grafton.—W.

Has not my verse o'er Cælia's frown prevail'd ?
The poet triumph'd where the lover fail'd.
But farther still her wide command is shown,
Immortal Fame attends on her alone;
In vain, without her cares, without her smiles,
The Hero conquers, and the Statesman toils:
Their names would soon in dark oblivion lie,
But that the Muse forbids the good to die.
She bids them live—and from the silent tomb,
Draws forth examples for the times to come.
'Tis by her influence, too, her sons survive,
And more than share the vast renown they give;
Still round the Goddess diff'rent laurels grow,
To crown the Hero, and the Poet too.
And while posterity with rapture reads,
Æneas' labours, and Achilles' deeds;
Beyond all piety or feats of arms,
'Tis Virgil pleases and 'tis Homer charms.
Tho' more inclin'd to give desert its praise,
Yet keenest Satire waits upon her lays;
Virtue and Vice are both within her view,
She can reward—but she can punish too:

And from her just revenge, and *slighted power*,
No abject state can hide, no height secure.
She from the kennel rakes up Chartres' shame;
She plucks down Bath's exalted dirty name;
Her arrows fly thro' every rank of men:
Pelham read this, and dread the lifted pen.
The chosen few whose praise I strive to gain,
Still urge my songs, and still approve the strain.
I dread their censure, but th' applause they give
I feel, for they can judge, but not deceive.
Has my young Walpole,* blest with truest taste,
Adorn'd with learning, with politeness grac'd,
When I repeated, thought the moments long,
Friend to the Poet partial to his song?
When Winnington† fatigued with public cares,
With me the social hours of friendship shares;
He too awakes the Muse, and bids me write,
Points out the quarry, and directs my flight:

---

* Horace Walpole, youngest son of Sir Robert, and the last Earl of Orford of that creation.

† Thomas Winnington, Paymaster of the Forces.

But while I mention him, all flattery hence,
'T would wrong our friendship, and 't would
wrong his sense.
In him we find unite, what rarely meet,
Parts join'd with application, sense with wit;
A piercing eye, a countenance erect,
Quick to invent, judicious to correct;
Warm to attack, but warmer to defend,
The fairest foe, and the sincerest friend;
Above th' intrigues, and windings of a court,
Acknowledg'd merit has his sure support.
His converse new and just delight affords,
Rich in the brightest thoughts and aptest words;
Whene'er he speaks, his audience is charm'd,
Taught by his sense, and by his spirit warm'd.
" But Orford's self, I've seen whilst I have
read, [head;
Laugh the heart's laugh, and nod th' approving
" Pardon, great Shade, if, duteous, on thy herse
" I hang my grateful tributary verse:—
" If I who follow'd thro' thy various day,
" Thy glorious zenith and thy bright decay,

" Now strew thy tomb with flow'rs, and o'er thy urn,
" With England, Liberty, and Envy mourn."
His soul was great, and dar'd not but do well,
His noble pride still urg'd him to excel;
Above the thirst of gold—if in his heart
Ambition govern'd, Av'rice had no part.
A genius to explore untrodden ways,
Where prudence sees no track, nor ever strays;
Which books and schools, in vain attempt to teach,
And which laborious art can never reach.
Falsehood and flatt'ry, and the tricks of court,
He left to Statesmen of a *meaner sort*;
Their cloaks and smiles were offer'd him in vain,
His acts were *justice* which he dar'd maintain,
His words were *truth* that held them in disdain.
Open to friends, but ev'n to foes sincere,
Alike remote from jealousy and fear;
Tho' Envy's howl, tho' Faction's hiss he heard,
Tho' senates frown'd, tho' death itself appear'd:

Calmly he view'd them—conscious that his ends
Were right, and Truth and Innocence his friends.
Thus was he form'd to govern and to please,
Familiar greatness, dignity with ease,
Compos'd his frame—admir'd in ev'ry state,
In private amiable—in public great:
entle in pow'r—but daring in disgrace,
His love was liberty—his wish was peace.
Such was the man that smil'd upon my lays,
And what can heighten thought or genius raise, [praise;
Like praise from him whom all mankind must
Whose knowledge, courage, temper, all surpris'd,
Whom many lov'd, few hated, none despis'd.
Here then I rest, and since it is decreed
The pleasing paths of poetry to tread;
Hear me, O Muse! receive one poet more,
Consenting bend, and pour down all thy store:
No longer constant round Parnassus rove,
But change the scene, and smile on Coldbrook's Grove.*

* Sir Charles Williams's seat in Monmouthshire.—W.

Here too are limpid streams, here oaks their
shade
O'er mossy turf more soft than slumber spread;
Expression, thought, and numbers, bring along,
But, above all, let truth attend my song:
So shall my verse still please the men I love,
Make Winnington commend, and my own Fox
approve.

On the EARL *of* ISLAY* *altering his Gardens at Whitton, near Hounslow-Heath.*

OLD Islay, to shew a most elegant taste,
In improving his grounds, purloin'd from the waste;
And order'd the gard'ner to open his views,
By cutting a couple of grand avenues.
With secret delight, he saw the first view end,
In his fav'rite prospect, a church that is ruined;
But, what should the next to his Lordship exhibit,
'Twas the terrible sight of a rogue and a gibbet.

* He was Earl of Islay before he succeeded to the Dukedom. Archibald, Duke of Argyle, was slovenly in his person; mysterious, not to say with an air of guilt, in his deportment; slow, steady, where suppleness did not better answer his purpose; revengeful; and, if artful, at least not ingratiating: he loved power too well to hazard it by ostentation, and money so little, that he neither spared it to gain friends, or to serve them. *Ob.* 1761.—W.

A view so ungraceful, then taught him to muse on
Full many a Campbell who 'd died with his shoes
on;
All amazed, and aghast, at this ominous scene,
He order'd it straight, to be shut up again,
With a clump of Scotch firs by way of a screen.

A DUCHESS'S GHOST*

TO

ORATOR HANOVER PITT.†

AS musing on his bed the Speecher lay,
Conning harangues for some important day;
Labouring to make the turns harmonious fall,
And to the taste attune 'em of Whitehall:
A sudden noise, career of fancy stops,
And a pale phiz within the curtain pops.

---

* Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

† We owe the recovery of our affairs to Mr. Pitt; he has placed us at the head of Europe: the splendor of our country, the conquest of Canada, Louisbourg, Guadaloupe, Africa, and the East—nothing is too much for such services. I hope you will not think the Barony of Chatham, and £3,000 a year for 3 lives to Lady Esther too much; she has this pittance.—W.

The phiz his opening eye no sooner meets,
Than quick he dives between the unsavory sheets:
Not proof against the visage of her grace,
Down sinks—till now, that unembarrass'd face.

The Spectre thus: "No sooner laid my head,
"But all thy patriot sentiments are fled:
"And I in my atoning project chous'd,
"The latest and the best I e'er espous'd.

"To my trustees (since fate forbids to me),
"Return, base villain! my retaining fee;*
"Bequeath'd to save that country thou would'st sell,
"Refund—not such a Judas roars in hell.

"That soften'd thief, by sense of guilt dismay'd,
"Threw back the price of him he had betray'd;

* The Duchess of Marlborough left Mr. Pitt £.10,000 for the prejudices he had done to the Royal Family.—W.

" But, wretch! my purse in thy polluted paws
" Meant to support, thou turn'st to crush, the cause;

" Tho' lost on thee, yet hear these rules I teach:
" Usage like this would make the devil preach.
" No weight to words can eloquence impart,
" Tho' ne'er so clear the head, if foul the heart:
" Men's words, the world will by their actions scan:
" The orator must be the honest man.
" No prostitute the generous bosom arms,
" The *whore* peeps thro' the bloom, and blasts her charms.

" Once with applause was heard thy flowing tongue,
" And on its motions sweet persuasion hung:
" But now those lips (and thanks to Sarah's money)
" That in thy country's struggles drop down honey,

" Shall please no more! (take my prophetic word)
" Nor all their flourishes be worth a ——.
" But see! the morning streaks the eastern sky:
" Now crows the scaring cock: from hence I hie,
" And leave thee to the lash of lost integrity."

THE

UNEMBARRASS'D COUNTENANCE,*

A NEW BALLAD:

To the Tune of "A Cobler there was, &c. &c."

———*Sume superbiam*
Quæsitam meritis. HOR.

Behold young Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his getting, to his parts and merit.
POPE.

TO a certain old chapel, well known in the town,
The inside quite rotten, the outside near down,

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* 1755, Pitt. He spoke at past one for an hour and thirty-five minutes: there was more humour, wit, vivacity, finer language, more boldness, in short, more astonishing perfections, than even you, who are used to him, can conceive. He was not abusive, yet very attacking on all sides; he ridiculed Lord Hillsborough, crushed poor Sir George Lyttleton, terrified the Attorney-General, lashed my Lord Granville, painted the Duke of Newcastle, attacked Mr. Fox, and even hinted up to the Duke of Cumberland.—W.

Pitt surpassed himself; and then I need not tell you,

A fellow got in who could talk and could prate—
I'll tell you his story, and sing you his fate.
Derry down, &c.

At first he seem'd modest and wonderous wise,
He flatter'd all others in order to rise:
Till out of compassion he got a small place,
Then full on his master he turned his a——.
Derry down, &c.

He bellow'd and roar'd at the troops of Hanover,
And swore they were rascals whoever went over:
That no man was honest who gave them a vote,
And all that were for 'em should hang by the throat.
Derry down, &c.

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that he surpassed Cicero and Demosthenes. What a figure would their formal laboured cabinet orations make *vis-à-vis* to his manly vivacity and dashing eloquence? he spoke above an hour and a half with scarce a bad sentence. —W.

He always affected to make the house ring
'Gainst Hanover troops and a Hanover king:
He applauded the way to keep Englishmen free,
By *digging Hanover quite into the sea.*
Derry down, &c.

By flaming so loudly he got him a name,
Tho' many believ'd it would cost him a shame:
But nature had given him, ne'er to be harass'd,
An unfeeling heart, and a front unembarrass'd.
Derry down, &c.

When from an old woman, by standing his ground,
He had got the possession of ten thousand pound,
He said he car'd not for what others might call him,
He would shew himself now the true son of Sir [Balaam.
Derry down, &c.

Poor Harry, whom erst he had dirtily spatter'd,
He now crouch'd and cring'd to, commended and flatter'd;

Since honest men here were asham'd of his face,
That in Ireland at least he might get him a place.
Derry down, &c.

But Harry resentful first bid him be hush,
Then proclaim'd it aloud that he never could blush;
Recant his invectives, and then in a trice
He would shew the best title to an Irish VICE.
Derry down, &c.

Young Balaam ne'er boggl'd, but turned his coat,
Determin'd to share in whate'er could be got
Said, I scorn all those who cry impudent fellow,
As my front is of brass, I 'll be painted in yellow.
Derry down, &c.

Since yellow 's the colour that best suits his face,
And Balaam aspires at an eminent place,
May he soon at Cheapside stand fix'd by the legs,
His front well adorn'd, all daub'd over with eggs.
Derry down, &c.

Whilst Balaam was poor, he was full of renown;
But now that he's rich, he's the jest of the town:
Then let all men learn by his present disgrace,
That honesty's better by far than a place.

Derry down, &c.

SHORT VERSES,

IN IMITATION OF LONG VERSES:

IN AN EPISTLE TO

WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.*

Naughty, paughty, Jack-a-dandy. Namby Pamby.
Sic parvis componere magna solebam. VIRG.

SINCE one hath writ
To thee, O Pitt!

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* Pitt was undoubtedly one of the greatest masters of ornamental eloquence: his language was amazingly fine and flowing; his voice admirable; his action most expressive; his figure genteel and commanding; bitter satire was his forte; when he attempted ridicule, which was very seldom, he succeeded happily; but where he chiefly shone was, exposing his own conduct; having waded through the most notorious apostacy in politics, he treated it with impudent confidence.—W.

Whom none can know
If friend or foe;
Deign to smile on
Lank Lyttleton:
For tho' his lays
May squint two ways;
They're meant for praise.

Sir Bob to hang,
Thou didst harangue,
While he, in joke,
The cornet broke.
But Hal now flatter'd,
Then whipp'd, then spatter'd,
With fear full fraught,
Thy favour bought:
The patriot ends,
And ye are friends,
Like Cæsar He,
As Tully was, to Thee.

As when much tir'd,
In roads bemir'd,

Men see by night
A fairy-light,
Which they pursue
With eager view,
In hope to win
A friendly inn;
But by mistake,
In some foul lake
Surpris'd they're flung
Of mud or dung,
From whence the Meteor sprung;
So far'd the crew,
Who follow'd *you:*

Or as a maid,
On back first laid,
By dire mishap
She gains a c——.

Such was your case
Scarce warm in place,

Defil'd all o'er,
An errant whore,
You chang'd your style,
Thou turn-coat vile.

What, still refrain
From long-sought gain?
Still to entice
A higher price?
No, no, my Pitt!
Once near being bit,
Did not the band
Their king withstand;
And bring him low,
As king could go?
Tho' France did threat
The royal seat:
Tho' rebels dire
Spread sword and fire;
Careless of all
That could befall

The crown or realm,
They quit the helm:
Cabal, combine,
Revile, resign;
One, one and all,
From London Wall,
To Prim cock-crower of Whitehall.

Then go my boy!
No more be coy,
Go force your way
To court for play!
Nor fear for shame
Should now reclaim;
Courtier or patriot, thou art still the same.

Our col'nels all
For the loud call,
By *all* I mean
The great *fourteen;*
Like thee large-soul'd,
Despising gold,

These never ran
From Preston-Pan,
Nor did they yield
Base Falkirk's field;
Far, far from both,
To fight full loth,
They will not go
To lie in snow,
Till William's blade
Hath got thy tongue for aid.

Hibernia, smile!
Thrice happy isle!
On thy blest ground,
Twelve thousand pound,
For Stanhope's found;
Three thousand clear,
For Pitt, a year;
So shalt thou thrive,
Industrious hive,
While these and more
Increase thy store.

Thrice happy land!
Reserv'd to pay Britannia's patriot band.

Sunk in the West,
As in the East;
For all allow
Thou art sunk now;
Yet soon, when near
The royal ear,
Thou with such things
Shall soothe our kings,
As gain'd huzzas,
Of loud applause
From Sydenham glad,
And C——w mad;
Then shall of war
The Dutch declare.
Then we the Russ
Shall meet and buss.
Then, then shall France
Fall in a trance.

Then, then shall Spain
Yield to the strain.
None from that hour,
Shall envy power
In high degree
Of Majesty,
When Pitt* a minister shall be.

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* Pitt, in a conversation with the Duke of Newcastle, said to him, "fewer words, my Lord, if you please; for your words have long lost all weight with me."—W.

When Mr. Pultney was created an Earl, Mr. Pitt said, "I now know my place in the House of Commons." He distinguished himself greatly against the Hanover troops, and personally against Lord Granville, till the fall of that minister. On the coalition he pretended to desire nothing for himself; but as soon as the junto was placed in good employments, he began opposing again; and in a very short time was made Vice-Treasurer of Ireland.—W.

1759. There has been a great quarrel between Mr. Pitt and Lord Anson, on the negligence of the latter. I suppose they will be reconciled by agreeing to hang some Admiral.—W.

When the Duke of Newcastle pretended to govern the House of Commons by Sir Thomas Robinson, Pitt, with utter contempt, said, "he might as well send his jack-boot to govern us."—W.

Hambden had every attribute of a buffoon but cowardice, and none of the qualifications of his great ancestor, but courage.—W.

Hambden drew a burlesque picture of Pitt and Lyttleton, under the titles of Oratory and Solemnity; and painted in the most comic colours what mischiefs Rhetoric had brought upon the nation, and what emoluments to Pitt. Pitt flamed into a rage, and nodded menaces of the highest import to Hambden, who retorted them undaunted with a droll voice that was naturally hoarse and inarticulate.—W.

THE
HISTORY OF THE NEW MINISTRY,
PROPOSED BY THE
EARL OF BATH.

WHILE the Politicians are thinking of Prince Charles passing the Rhine, and of our armies passing nothing but its time; the Critics, a no less profound race of men, are busied on the Heroic opposition, as it is called, of Garrick; and for the brave stand supposed to be made for Theatric liberty by that second Queen of Hungary, Mrs. Clive, against the claims and pretensions of the patentee.

As, therefore, I think the English Constitution, at least, as much concerned about Drury-Lane wars, as about any in Germany, I shall confine the speculations of to-day to affairs at home, persuaded that no precipitation on the banks of the Rhine will make any considerations

of that scene come too late, though I should defer them even till another Saturday.

Blest be the heroes who give politicians time to stir their coffee, and weigh their exploits at leisure, without heaping battle on battle and siege on siege; they are forced to fight and make a shift to escape—a comfortable subsistance for a politician's whole summer. They do not lump half-a-dozen victories, as that hasty fellow the Duke of Marlborough did; before a grave citizen had traced out Schellenberg in the map, he was confounded with the victory of Blenheim.

I shall not enter into the present dispute between the managers of the play-houses, and their actors; but shall oblige my readers, who may have been searching the records of the theatres, with some anecdotes of a famous Schism which I have never read in any history of the Stage; but which are not at all the less true, for not being till now to be found in print.

When Sir Richard Steele was master of the

playhouse here, I have been told, there happened a division among the actors of the Theatre at Dublin, which occasioned a separation of that company. One of the principal performers with a few under-strappers, as guards, messengers, attendants, and candle-snuffers, came over to list under Sir Richard, but as their demands were so high, and their qualifications so low, it is worth while to give an account of both. Their demands were comprehended in a few terms; namely, a dismission of the then principal actors of Sir Richard's troop, and an admission of these gentry into their parts. This demand was made in form to Sir Richard, by Mr. W. Poney, the captain of their band. Sir Richard was a man of infinite humour, but little temper; and when Will Poney* preposed his turning off his old Comedians, he fell into a violent rage, and kick'd his hat about with all

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* Wm. Pultney.

the huffing Majesty of a theatrical Monarch: when he grew a little calmer, he desired a *review* of those notable gentlemen who were to be employed in his service. Mr. Poney immediately produced them, in order to shew their qualifications; the first he called was one John Limekiln,* who, having no very promising aspect, "Pray Mr. Poney," said Sir Richard, "what parts may this gentleman have been used to act. I cannot say that he is what you call a good figure for the stage—I dare swear you never let him appear in Comedy.—"No, Sir; no," said Mr. Poney, "we always used him for the murderer, he shone particularly in the whisper, where the fellow tells Macbeth he hath dispatched Banquo. We once tried him for a Chairman in the Committee, or the Faithful Irishman, but I must own he made a sorry figure there, and could not go through with the part; but what I would recommend him to

* James Hamilton, Lord Limerick, was created Earl of Clanbrasil.

your honour for, is, Prompter, or what in Ireland we call Remembrancer. Here is the next, Simon Shadow.* "Pray, Master Shadow," said Sir Richard, "what is your province?"—"Alack, Sir," replied he, "I was by trade a linen-draper; but thinking I had talents for the stage, I entered into the company and was employed as woman's Taylor.—I could not act, indeed, myself, but I used to swear Mr. Poney spoke like an angel; for which, Sir, he got me a regular salary."—"Pho," said Sir Richard peevishly, "must I take a fellow for an actor because he said another acted well? Come, Sir, your next."—"Here, Mr. Bottle,"† said Mr. Poney, "come forth—This gentleman, Sir," said he, presenting him to Sir Richard, "has seldom play'd any thing but the lawyer; but he is equally fit for any thing else. Mr. Jefferey Hill come forth"—"And what can he act," said Sir Richard,—"Any part," said Mr. Poney,

* Henry Furnese. † Mr. Bootle, Solicitor to the Prince.

"that does not require speaking. — Here Peter Bullcalf,* where are you?" Peter stepped forth with his tongue out of his mouth; but without speaking a syllable. "Well, Mr. Bullcalf," said Sir Richard, "are you as complete an actor as the last gentleman? What can you do." Bullcalf rolled his tongue about; spatterred out a plentiful quantity of dew, and then roar'd. "Zounds," said Sir Richard, "what part do you call this, Mr. Poney?"—"Sir," replied he, "he is a young beginner, and never performed any thing but the monster in Perseus and Andromeda."—"An excellent troop of comedians truly," said Sir Richard, here are two who never acted but short parts; one that only said you could act; and two who never could speak at all. But, pray Sir, are your women all as silent as the rest of your company: let us see them." Mr. Poney stepped out and return'd with four old fellows, drest with blue

* Henry Vane, afterwards Lord Darlington.

aprons and black hats; and the first with a long muslin night-rail. "Hey-day," quoth Sir Richard, "are these the ladies!"—"Sir," said Mr. Poney, "they supply the places of women. These are four gentlemen who are famous for performing the witches in Macbeth.—The first, Sir, is Mr. Samuel Mouldys,* who used formerly to make motions or puppet-shows. He has an excellent voice for shewing a Marmot† and singing to a German organ. Let me recommend this gentleman to you for a top actress. Take off his night-rail, and new dress him, and he shall play Lady Betty Modish; Lady Townley; or any other genteel part, with the first woman in your company. These other three are Mr. John Rushlight,* Mr. Francis Feeble, and Mr. Thomas Wart: the latter is particularly excellent at Dumb show."—"But pray," said Sir Richard, "have you no real

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* Mr. Sandys, afterwards Lord Sandys.

† Sir John Rushout.

women at all in your troop. Nothing but these equivocal personages."—"A real woman? yes, Sir, that I have; as real a woman, I believe, as ever was produced upon the Stage: a woman, Sir, that can out-do her own out-doings. Sir, she has as real a voice, as real action, as real passion, as any real woman of them all. In short, Sir, you shall see her. Here, my dear, come forth, like raving Nourmahal in Aurenzebe, when they tell the Sultan,

> The Empress has the anti-chamber past,
> And hither moves in most disorder'd haste;
> Her looks the stormy marks of anger wear.

Here is a real woman for you; I am sure I have found her so."—"Pray," said Sir Richard calmly, "what may Mrs. Poney's* particular turn be."—"Sir," said her spouse, "the first she played was Columbine in a Farce; but of late years, Sir, she has attempted, with great

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* Mrs. Pultney.

success, the first parts in Tragedy—she particularly shines in Lady Macbeth; Lady Wronghead, and Lady Loverule, in the Devil to Pay: —Thus, Sir, have you seen my troop; and, believe me, they will make you the richest man in Europe, if you will but employ them instead of those blundering fellows you have already."— "That I much doubt," said Sir Richard. "But, pray Mr. Poney, why did you bring over none of your chief actors with you?—We have heard extraordinary characters of several of them, which no doubt they deserve; had you not one Mr. Handup,* a most incomparable Comedian; and one Mr. Pitman,† as excellent for Tragedy; a Mr. Bub,‡ who is equally qualified for the facetious or the sublime. Then I have heard of a Mr. Cotton,§ who, they say, is admirable for a short part; a Mr. Wall,‖ who is the best prompter in the world; and several others who,

* Lord Chesterfield.
† Mr. W. Pitt.
‡ Bub Doddington.
§ Sir J. H. Cotton.
‖ Mr. Waller.

it seems, have all both Merit and Fame. Pray, why did none of these come over with you?"—"Why, Sir, because they are all damn'd Jacobites; they were all detected for Jacobites."—"I fancy," replied Sir Richard, "you would say convicted. I suppose they drank the Pretender's health and were tried for it."—"No, no, Sir, no such thing—it was I detected them."—"Why pray, Mr. Poney, how came you to know they were Jacobites?"—"How, Sir? why I was at the head of them for fifteen years, and it is damn'd hard if I do not know whether a man is a Jacobite, when every thing he had said and done during all that time was by my direction; but, besides, Sir, if they would have had a little patience I would have provided for them all; but the rascals would all be taken care of in eight days."—"That is," replied Sir Richard: "I suppose in those eight days you laid out all the best parts for these gentlemen here, who have the honour to be your favourites, and who it seems must be my actors, because

they are your tools: remember, however, if I am obliged to give them entertainment, I expect them, in return, to give entertainment to the town: for, if they do not, neither you nor I shall be long able to give them either pay or protection.—But, come, Mr. Poney, pray let me have a sample of your own abilities. A speech that corresponds with your own genius the best;" upon which Mr. Poney began—

> Obey'd as sov'reign, by thy subjects be,
> But know that I alone am king of me;
> I am as free as Nature first made man,
> Ere the base laws of servitude began,
> When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

This he vomited out with the utmost convulsions of rant and fury.—"As I take it," said Sir Richard, "this is Almanzor, the frantic hero in the Conquest of Granada."—"True," replied Mr. Poney, "it was my top part."—"It might have pleased in Ireland," said Sir Richard, "but it will not do the business here. Be so good to favour me with a few lines out of some other play."

Mr. P. Thou want'st them both, or better thou would'st know,
Than to let factions in thy kingdom grow—

"I believe you forgot," interrupted Sir Richard, "but this is the same play. I begged a speech out of some other."

My fate is fixed so far above thy crown,
That all thy men
Pil'd on thy back can never pull it down;
But at my ease, thy destiny I send,
By ceasing from this hour to be thy friend:
Thou can'st no title to my duty bring,
I'm not thy subject, and my soul's thy king.
Farewell! when I am gone,
There's not a star of thine dares stay with thee;
I'll whistle thy tame fortune after me.
What are ten thousand subjects such as they,
If I am scorn'd—I'll take myself away.

Sir Richard had scarce patience to hear him through this rhapsody; but Mr. Poney had worked himself up, and then there was no stopping him. "Since, Sir," said he, "you can think of no part but Almanzor's, let me put you in mind of one or two which take mightily on our Stage, and without knowing which a man cannot be a principal performer here.—

Pray let me hear how you would speak those lines in Tamerlane that begin—— "Well was it for the world"—Mr. Poney then went on

> When on their borders neighbouring princes met,
> Frequent in friendly part, by cool debate
> Preventing wasteful war; but from Madrid
> Accept great King to-morrow, from my hand,
> The captive head of conquer'd Ferdinand.

"Alas!" cry'd Sir Richard, "why, Mr. Poney, you are running back into Almanzor. You cannot keep to the point for three lines together. Pray try what you can do with Cato's fine speech in the beginning of the last Act." Mr. P. composed himself and began.

> It must be so—Plato thou reason'st well;
> The word which I have given shall stand like fate,
> Not like the king's that weather-cock of state;
> He stands so high with so unfix'd a mind,
> Two factions turn him with each blast of wind;
> But now he shall not veer, my word is past,
> I'll take his heart by th' roots, and hold him fast.

"Zounds," said Sir Richard, "I have no patience with this eternal Almanzor. I'll try you

but once more. Let us have the speech of Brutus to Cassius."

Mr. P. Remember March, the Ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for Justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? what, shall one of us
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers! What shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For as much trash as may be grasped thus?
Honour is what myself and friends I owe,
And none can lose it who forsake a foe;
Since, then, your foes now happen to be mine,
Tho' not in friendship we'll in interest join.

"This is too much," said Sir Richard, "to tack this damn'd noisy Almanzor to one of the most impressive speeches in Shakspeare. I won't trouble you to rehearse any more of him, but will tell you a story, which your being able to act nothing but a ranting Hero, brings into my mind——

A certain good-natured gentleman received a letter from a friend of his to recommend the

bearer, who was a painter, to his protection; and begged he would employ him. The gentleman had lately fitted up a new hall, and wanted a large piece to fill up one end of it; he told the painter he should draw him a picture for it, and said he, "you shall chuse the subject yourself. What shall it be?" After hesitating a moment—"What think you of the Judgment of Solomon!" replied the painter.—"Why, aye," said the gentleman, "it will admit a good many figures and decorations; I do not care if it is." He then carried the painter into a closet; "Here," said he, "I want a small picture for the chimney-piece: what story would make a pleasant little piece?" The artist seemed to consider a little, and then scratching his head, with great taste, replied,—"Why suppose you have a little Judgment of Solomon."—The gentleman started; but being of an easy complying temper, found out it would be well enough to see the same story in large and in little, and consented; but not thinking that he

had still found work enough for his friend's painter, he bethought himself of a summer-house, where he sometimes drank a cheerful bottle, the ceiling of which was out of repair: he carried the painter thither, and said,—"I should like to have some gay little history painted here—can you think of none that would be proper for such a sort of room?"—"O, yes, Sir," said he, "there's not a cleverer story for the purpose than the—Judgment of Solomon." Here the poor gentleman lost all patience, and kicked the rascally pretender out of doors, who had just learned to draw one subject, and was fit for nothing else in the world.

THE OLD COACHMAN;

A NEW BALLAD:

OR THE TRAVELS OF MR. PULTNEY AND LORD CARTERET TO CLERMONT.

WHEN Caleb and Cart'ret, two birds of a feather,
Went down to a feast at Newcastle's together;
No matter what wines, or what choice of good cheer,
'Tis enough that the Coachman had his dose of beer.

Derry down, &c.

Coming home, as the liquor worked up in his pate,
The Coachman drove on at a damnable rate;

Poor Cart'ret in terror, and scar'd all the while,
Cry'd, "Stop, let me out—is the dog an Argyle?"
Derry down, &c.

But he soon was convinced of his error, for, lo,
John stopt short in the dirt and no further could go;
When Cart'ret saw this, he observed, with a laugh,
"This Coachman, I find, is your own, my Lord Bath."
Derry down, &c.

Now the Peers quit the coach in a pitiful plight,
Deep in mire and rain, and without any light;
Not a path to pursue, nor to guide them a friend,
What course shall they take then, and how will this end?
Derry down, &c.

Lo! Chance, the great master of human affairs,
Who governs in councils, and conquers in wars;

Straight, with grief at their case, for the Goddess
well knew,
That these were her creatures and votaries true,
Derry down, &c.

This Chance brought a Passenger* quick to
their aid,
"Honest friend, can you drive?"—"What
should ail me! he said; [way,
"For many a bad season, through many a bad
"Old Orford* I've driven without stop or stay.
Derry down, &c.

"He was overturn'd, I confess, but not hurt;"
Quoth the Peers—"It was we help'd him out of
the dirt;
"This boon for thy master then prithee requite,
"Take us up or else here we must wander all
night."
Derry down, &c.

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* Mr. Scroop was Secretary of the Treasury under Sir R. Walpole, and the new ministry was forced to retain him from their own ignorance of business.—W.

He took them both up, and thro' thick and thro' thin,
Drove away to St. James's, and brought them safe in;
Learn hence, honest Britons, in spite of your pains,
That Orford's old coachman still governs the reins.

Derry down, &c.

VERSES

Occasioned by a quarrel between MR. FIELDING *and* MRS. CLIVE, *on his intending for her the part of the Bawd in his own Play called the "Wedding Day."*

"A BAWD! a bawd!—where is the scoundrel poet? [know it."
"Fine work, indeed, by G—d the town shall
Fielding, who heard and saw her passion rise,
Thus answer'd calmly, "Prithee Clive be wise,
"The part will fit your humour, taste, and size."—
"Ye lie, ye lie! ungrateful as thou art,
"My matchless talent claims the lady's part;
"And all who judge, by Jesus G—d agree,
"None ever played the gay coquet like me."
Thus said, and swore, this celebrated Nell,*
Now judge her genius—is she Bawd or Belle?

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* She acted the character of Nell in the "Wives Metamorphosed" most inimitably well. — The Wedding Day was the last dramatic piece Fielding wrote. At the

rehearsal of it, an actor, who was principally concerned in the piece, and though young, was then in the advantage of happy requisites, told Mr. Fielding "he was apprehensive the audience would make free with him in a particular passage; and, therefore, begged it might be omitted."—"No," replied the bard, "d—n them, let them find it out." The play was brought on unaltered, and just as had been foreseen the audience was provoked. It was only acted six nights.—*Murphy*.

Churchill observes of Mrs. Clive:—

First giggling, prattling, chambermaids arrive,
Hoydens and romps, led on by General Clive;
In spite of outward blemishes, she shone,
For humour famed, and humour all her own.
Easy, as if at home, the Stage she trod,
Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod;
Original in spirit, and in ease,
She pleased by hiding all attempts to please,
No comic actress ever yet could raise
On humour's base, more merit, or more praise.

No two women of high rank hated one another more unreservedly than these two mighty Dames, Mrs. Clive and Mrs. Woffington: the passions of each were as high and lofty as those of a first Duchess; but they wanted the courtly art of concealing them. Mrs. Clive acted so naturally the woman of quality in Garrick's Lethe, that she entered into all the reigning irregularities and fopperies of the times, and gave great vivacity, humour, whim, and variety, to the inimitable action in Lady Riot. She was frank, open, and impetuous: what came uppermost in her mind she spoke without reserve. Mrs. Woffington was well bred, and mistress of herself: she often blunted the sharp speeches of Clive, by apparently civil, but deep sar-

castic replies, and arch severity. In the Widow Blackacre she found a proper subject to display a rich vein of humour; her comic abilities have not been excelled: she was so formed by nature to represent a variety of lively, laughing, droll, humourous, affected, and absurd characters, that it may be observed, that she had such a stock of comic force about her, as soon as she had perfected herself in the words, nature performed the rest: many dramatic pieces are now lost to the Stage from want of her animating spirit. To a strong and melodious voice, with an ear to music, she added the sprightly action requisite to parts in ballad Farces.

Mr. Horace Walpole wrote her farewell Epilogue.

SQUIRE SANDYS'S BUDGET OPEN'D,

OR

DRINK AND BE D——D;

A NEW BALLAD:

To the Tune of "A Begging we will go."

ATTEND, my honest brethren,
Who late came into place;
I'll tell you a new project,
To win our master's grace.
As a drinking we do go, &c.

An army from Hanover
We'll take into our pay;
And Britons, to support them,
Shall drink their lives away.
As a drinking they do go, &c.

From Statesmen to Excisemen,
All Placemen may drink wine;
But tatter'd squires, and merchants,
Shall swill up Gin like swine.
When a drinking they do go, &c.

And should Old England perish,
Why e'en let it be so;
For ev'ry man she loses,
We turn-coats lose a foe.
Then a drinking they may go, &c.

'Tis true, when Walpole ruled,
We bellow'd loud at Gin;
But now it is no evil,
For we are now come in.
And a drinking all shall go, &c.

No more shall sober Britons
Pronounce us fools and knaves;
Their note shall quickly alter,
We'll make them drunken slaves.
And a drinking they shall go, &c.

Behold, how shoals of beggars
Now crowd up ev'ry door,
'T will greatly raise the poor-rates—
Let 's poison all the poor.
While a drinking they do go, &c.

The people all complain,
That by trade they nothing get;
Then let them sit and drink,
They will drink us out of debt.
As a drinking they do go, &c.

And should the war continue,
What cause have we to fear?
To licence theft and murder,
We'll raise a fund next year.
So a drinking we will go, &c.

Then welcome all my Finches,*
With their black funereal face;
" Ah, Bat† you had been welcome,
" If pledged by his grace."
As a drinking we do go, &c.

And you, cool foreign statesmen,
Who drink both night and day;
Shall humble haughty France,
Just as we our debts shall pay.
As a drinking we do go, &c.

As for my honour'd patron,
The mighty Earl of Bath;
Since no man courts his favour,
So no man fears his wrath,
Now a drinking he may go, &c.

[*See references to the following notes in the preceding page.*]

* The Earl of Winchelsea, and his two brothers, William Finch, and Edward Finch Hatton.

Edward Finch, brother of the Earl of Winchelsea, and Groom of the Bedchamber to George II. was Ambassador at Russia: he united the unpolished sycophancy of that Court to the manners of a Spaniard: you may judge of his absurdity, when in defence of a treaty, he gave an account in the House of Commons of the Czarina's health and kindred.—W.

† Allen, first Earl Bathurst.

Sir Robert was a veteran—
But, here comes Pelham—mum;
" Your servant, master Pelham,
" When will Orford come?"
Then a drinking we may go, &c.

Then fill a rosy bumper,
And send the glass about;
Here's health to all those in,
And death to all those out.
As a drinking they do go, &c.

THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN
THE
RIGHT HON. HENRY PELHAM *
AND
WILLIAM, EARL OF BATH.

THE story goes, as Fame will tattle still,
Once on a time 'squire Harry met Lord Will;

---

* Mr. Pelham could teach servility to a parliament, whose privileges were yet untouched: he got into power without unpopularity, and endured any thing rather than risk his administration. He was timorous, reserved, fickle, apt to despair; he would often not attempt when he was convinced he would be right; he employed any means to get able men out of the Opposition; he always bought off enemies to avoid their satire; he was obscure on the most trivial occurrences; perplexed, even when he had but one idea; and whenever he spoke well it was owing to his being heated; he must lose his temper before he could exert his reason; he degraded truth by timidity, sense by mystery, and right by asking pardon for it; he professed honesty, and kept his word, when nothing happened to make him break it; opposition or contradiction were two things his nature could not bear; he was very proud, but not with self-sufficiency; he had neither osten-

Says this to that "If you'll the story hear,
"I'll tell you, Hal, a secret worth your ear.
"The Old Man's * gone where God knows what's his case,
"And I've declared that I'll accept his place."—
"And is it so! why let me tell you, brother,
"(Sure one good turn, they say, deserves another)
"I, too, for once, a secret will reveal,
"Which long, indeed, I cannot well conceal:
"Our master, who you know ne'er breaks his word,
"Promis'd I should succeed him at the board—

---

tation nor avarice, and yet with little generosity he loved his family and his friends, and enriched them as often as he could steal an opportunity from his extravagant bounty to his enemies and antagonists; his expense was unbounded for intelligence; it was one of the greatest blemishes of his administration; he wanted it so entirely—not resolution more. He never forgave but when he durst not resent.—W.

* Earl of Wilmington.

"Full low bow'd I, as love and duty taught."
Will star'd, and cock'd, and cock'd and star'd again;
Pleased Harry blush'd to see his rival's pain.

ON THE

COUNTESS OF YARMOUTH*

MAKING THE CAMPAIGN.

WITH George, what hero can compare,
Or who like him a sword can wield;
That dares protect his fav'rite fair,
Amid'st the thunder of the field?

---

* Amelia Sophia, Countess of Yarmouth, Mistress of George II., who left her a strong box, not to be opened but by her. She was wife of the Baron of Walmoole; and was created Countess of Yarmouth. She had a son by the king, who went by the name of Monsieur Louis; but was not owned.

The Countess of Yarmouth was inoffensive, and attentive only to please the king, and selling Peerages whenever she had an opportunity.—W.

The Countess touched twelve thousand for Sir Jacob Bouverie's coronet.—W.

To Lady Yarmouth a cabinet, with contents, which they call a £.12,000.—W.

The god of war out done we see;
In action Venus he dismiss'd,
Till he had made his foe to flee,
Then slyly after battle kiss'd.
But George, to love and war allied,
Both deities at once admires;
And swelling big with Martial pride,
By Love allays his glowing fires.

A Poetical Epistle,

FROM A GREAT MAN IN THE ARMY,

AFTER THE

BATTLE OF DETTINGEN.

THE King, save his Grace,
Is in very good case,
Tho' scorch'd by the heat of the fire;
For all the long day,
He heard the guns play,
But would never—no never—retire.

His highness the Duke,*
Whose leg a ball took,

---

* Duke of Cumberland.

But did no great harm to the calf;
Is so frolic and cheary,
So pleasant and airy,
The youngster doth nothing but laugh.

So many fine clothes,
We've got from French beaus,
That I've chang'd my blue coat for a better;
From a cottage wrote I,
With Neiperg close by,
And "Bumper, 'squire Jones" in my letter.

For of the late fight,
In faith I can't write,
Because I know nought of the matter:
But in one or two days,
I'll find out some ways,
To make of it a damnable clatter.

P. S. But stay, my good Lord,
By your leave, a small word,

Of the guns which we brought from Hanover;*
Without their assistance,
What's English resistance?
With us, before God, 'twas all over.

---

* Earl Stair was so disgusted at the preference and partiality shown to the Hanoverians, that he resigned his command.—W.

BRITANNIA'S LAMENTATION
AND
PETITION.

IN hostile fields, why lives my lord,
Now furrow'd his fair front appears;
Ah! 'tis too late to wield that sword
That sheath'd hath been near forty years.
The damps and colds, and endless toils,
That ever wait on martial deeds;
Are they to be repaid with spoils,
Or Fame that fond Ambition breeds?
Return and bless my longing arms,
And let the German strumpet languish;
Oh, flee from dangers and alarms,
And ease my wasted inbred anguish.
Thou, too, my lovely, darling lad,*
With plumpy cheeks and sides so round;
Put up thy courage with thy dad,
Nor longer lie on the hard ground.

* The Duke of Cumberland.

One wound 's enough so well receiv'd,
Not in the heel, nor yet in trenches;
By men thy bravery's believed,
Thou hast the heart of all the wenches.
My tears are streaming for ye both,
Return, while yet my heart is tender;
Let Stair go back, send Argyle over,
'Tis sure too much for poor Hanover,
To counsel all and act her part;
With foreign chiefs, no artful dress
Can lead the Britons on to Fame,
They love their country to excess,
And place it second to no name.

Account of the Embassy of the RIGHT HON. SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS, K. B.

SIR Charles Hanbury Williams was appointed envoy to Dresden, in 1747; was commissioned, in July 1749, along with Mr. Anstis, Garter at Arms, to carry the blue ribband to the Margrave of Anspach; and, on Mr. Fox waving, at the request of the King, his pretensions to the Treasurership of the Navy, was, with a view of gratifying that gentleman, who was his intimate friend, named envoy extraordinary at Berlin. He set out for that court in May 1750, and passed through Hanover when the King was there. From thence he was sent to the King of Poland, who was holding the diet at Warsaw, to engage his vote for the Archduke Joseph to

to be King of the Romans. On this progress he wrote a celebrated letter to the Duke of Newcastle at Hanover, which was sent over to England and much admired, as his ministerial letters generally were. About this time, he met the ministers of the two Empresses of Germany and Russia; reconciled those two Princesses, and set out for Berlin, where he was very coldly received, and soon grew so offensive to the King, that he was, as he predicted, recalled at his request, and sent back to Dresden in February 1751. Sir Charles had detected the Saxon minister at Berlin, in betraying his master's and Russia's secrets to the Court of Prussia, and had also exposed an artifice of the King of Prussia in making a Tartar, sent to release a countryman, who had enlisted in the Prussian army, pass for a deputy, or minister, from the disaffected in Russian Tartary. These circumstances and his satirical tongue, and, yet more, his satirical pen, combined to exasperate the King of Prussia. "It was," he

said, in his private letters, "in vain to contend with so mighty a Prince; and he became the sacrifice." However, in 1753, he was sent to Vienna to demand the assistance of that court in case Prussia should proceed to extremities after stopping the Silesian Loan; and, in his triple capacity of Minister, Courtier, and Poet, he composed the following distich on the Empress Queen:

"Oh Regina orbis prima et pulcherrima! ridens
Es Venus, incedens Juno, Minerva loquens."

The general style of his poetry was far from being so complimentary; and that of his prose, though not so well known, and often too licentious for publication, was to the full as easy, lively, and humourous, as his verse. After returning to England, he was again appointed to Dresden, and attended the King of Poland to Warsaw in 1754, where, upon espousing very warmly the interests of the Poniatowskys in an affair called, the Disposition of the Ostrog, he came to an open rupture with Count Brühl. He shortly afterwards concluded a subsidiary

treaty with Russia, and was named Ambassador to Petersburgh, in 1755. He returned to England in 1758, and died in 1759. The following letter was written on his first arrival at Dresden, and before any quarrel with Count Bruhl. Though addressed to a private friend, it seems nearly a duplicate of his public dispatch. It is no unfavourable specimen of his correspondence; but is, perhaps, less enlivened by anecdote, as well as less disfigured by indecencies, than many of his epistolary compositions from Germany——

DEAR SIR;

The short time that I have been abroad, would, in any other court, have hardly been sufficient to have formed a judgment, or given a description of it; but this, where I am, is so easy to be understood, that an understanding as mean as mine, may see into it as clearly in a month's time as in ten years.

The King's absolute and avowed hatred to all business, and his known love of idleness,

and low pleasures, such as Operas, Plays, Masquerades, Tilts, and Tournaments, Balls, Hunting, and Shooting, prevent both him and his country from making that figure in Europe, which this noble electorate ought to do, and often has done. As to the King himself, he is very polite and well bred, and his natural abilities far from bad ones. I have very often (much oftener than any minister here) the honour of conversing with him; and I must say, he talks better, and makes juster judgments on affairs, than any other person I have met with in this court; but he won't dwell long upon politics. It is visible that he soon grows uneasy, and then you must change the discourse to the last that he hunted, the last Opera that was acted, or the last picture that he has bought; then immediately you perceive, that his countenance clears up and he talks on with pleasure. From these subjects it is easy to lead him back to any other you please, always taking care to observe his countenance which is a very speak-

ing one. He is seldom seen when at Dresden but at dinner. He always dines with company, and his buffoons make a great noise, and fight with one another during the whole repast, which is quite over by two o'clock; and then his Majesty retires to his own apartments, undresses totally, and then puts on his night-gown, in which he sits the rest of the day. Nobody must come to him at that time but Count Bruhl, Father Guerini, and the buffoon. He has had a great loss in the Electress of Bavaria being married, for she often came to him in the afternoon, and they have been surprised together in very indecent postures. The Queen knew this, and was furious about it. She complained of it to her confessor, but the good jesuit told her, that, since things were so, it was much better that the King's affections should remain in his own family, than be fixed upon a stranger, who might be a Lutheran and do prejudice to their holy religion; and thus the holy casuist appeased her angry Majesty.

The whole court is now gaping to see who will succeed the Electress; for his Majesty's Constitution requires somebody beside the Queen: the king is excessively fond of hunting, and it is reckoned that the game of all sorts (which is strictly preserved for him) do £.50,000 per annum of damage to this country. I have myself seen fifty stags feeding in one field, and to take care of all his game and forests, there are no less than 4,000 persons in constant pay. The expenses of this court, of every sort, are in proportion with that of the chase. After this, Sir, you will not be surprised when I tell you, that the debts of this electorate (all incurred since this King came into possession of it) are near four millions sterling, and that their credit is quite ruined; but the King will not hear of the expenses of the court being lessened. He has no idea of the state of his country; but as he finds himself easy, he thinks and wishes his people to be so too. He is not beloved or respected: his

never heading his army, and his precipitate flight from Dresden, at the King of Prussia's approach, did him more injury in the minds of Saxons, than he will ever be able to retrieve.

Her Majesty, the Queen, is very devout; but not a bit the better for her devotions. She does nothing but commit small sins, and beg forgiveness for them. She is ugly beyond painting, and malicious beyond expression. Her violent hatred to the Empress Queen, and her great love to all her enemies, make me rejoice that she has not the least influence at this court. She has much impotent aversion to Count Bruhl; he hates her Majesty in return; but then he makes her feel his power. She meddles much in the lowest things, such as disgracing or restoring a buffoon to favour; disposing the parts of an Opera, and giving the preference to such and such a dancer; and even this she never does by merit, but he or she that comes oftenest to Mass, has the best parts and the first rank. The Italians are much favoured

here: they are divided into two parties, one of which is headed by Father Guerini, who first placed the Colony here. The other, which is the most powerful, has the Faustina for its leader; and the two chiefs have by turns vented their complaints against each other to me, till I could hardly keep my countenance. But, to return to her majesty, I look upon her to be thoroughly in the French interest. She is not at all beloved, nor does she deserve it; for she does no good to any body but converts, and very little to them.

I am next to speak of the Electoral Prince. You know, Sir, his person is bad, and his back-bone so disjointed, that he cannot stand without two people to support him. The weakness of his body has hurt his mind. His parts, if he ever had any, are much decayed; but he is civil, good, and well-tempered. He asked the other day at table, whether, though England were an Island, one could not go there by land! judge of the rest by this. When he walks,

supported, or rather dragged along, by two people, his knees almost touch his stomach; and the Duchess of Courland (who is our good friend at this court) told me, that she saw him in bed on his wedding night, and that he lay in the same posture there, so that she did not comprehend how matters could be accomplished. The court, however, swear that (the marriage was then consummated.) He is at present wholly devoted to his new bride, about whom I must say a little, having the happiness, by her permission, to see her very often. She is far from being handsome or well made, but then she is infinitely agreeable in her manner, and very well bred. She talks much, and is very entertaining. When she first came, she had flattered herself with hopes of succeeding the Electress, and attacked the King the first night, but without success. He seemed rather disgusted with her advances, and since that time she has not recovered the ground she then lost. All this I have also from the Duchess of Cour-

land. Before she came here, she was reckoned to meddle much in politics, and to be in the French interest. She denies all this herself, and declares against women's meddling in state affairs; but I will venture to prophesy, that if ever the Prince Electoral should outlive his father, she will govern this country most absolutely. Hitherto she is much liked and admired by all who come near her, for her address is very engaging, and not at all like the Queen's.

The King has four younger sons, and three unmarried daughters. As to the Princesses, I can say nothing of them; but that they are very young and very plain.

Prince Xavier is next to the Prince Royal, and has always been the Queen's favourite; and she tried every way to persuade the Prince Electoral to go into orders, that this Prince might succeed his father. His person is good, and, I believe, his natural parts are so too; but his education has been very unfortunate. He

is sixteen years of age, and has hitherto been taught nothing but bodily exercises; and they do not seem to think in this country, that a Prince wants any accomplishments, who can dance, fence, ride at the ring, and shoot at the mark. This Prince has not yet learned common good manners, and is almost a stranger to common decency. The French Ambassador and I dined with him the other day, and the whole time we were at table he talked to the pages behind him; and what he said to them was in German. Monsieur des Issarts was quite out of humour at the treatment he met with; I was only sorry for the Prince. But, to end his character, those who are best acquainted with him, tell me, he is very proud and very malicious. It is publicly known that he hates his elder brother; but his pride is much abated, and his spirits much sunk, since the Electoral Prince's marriage, which was a thing he had been taught to believe never would happen. Still he flatters himself with the hope

that, if the King his father should die, he should succeed him in the Throne of Poland.

Prince Charles is next; he is a fine youth, about thirteen; his person is good, and he has great quickness of parts; but as he labours under the misfortune of having the same wretched education as his brothers have had, it is impossible to say how he will turn out; and here I must observe, that the scarcity of men of ability is so great in this country, that out of four governors employed in the education of these Princes, there is not one who is a Saxon. The two other Princes, Albert and Clement, are both so young that I can say nothing about them. Having now, Sir, gone through the Royal Family, I shall speak of their fine country, which, I believe, produces more to its Sovereign than any other district of land of the same size in Europe. The last grant of the Diet of Saxony was between eight and nine million of dollars (each dollar exactly three shillings and sixpence English money) per

annum for nine years, yet it is likely that the whole may be anticipated and spent in five; and then the King calls a new Diet, and gets fresh supplies, so that it is not possible to say exactly what the King's Revenues are, but every body must see that they are very large; and how the people will continue such payments begins to be a question. It is certain this country grows daily poorer, which is very visible by the decay of Leipsic Fair. Every body agrees that the last Easter fair, was not half so good as it used to be, and this fair is the touch-stone of the trade and money in this Electorate. The loss and expenses their own bad politics have drawn them into during this war, have been very great, and the visit the King of Prussia made to Dresden was very expensive to this country; but, above all, the visible decay of their linens and tinned iron manufactures (which England has been wise enough not to want any longer in such great quantities from foreign countries) is a blow that is felt more severely than can be

expressed. The Stier bills, which are the funds here, and which always used to bear a premium, are now at 5 and 6 per cent discount; and it is very difficult to negociate them even at that price, though they carry 5 per cent interest. I have been offerred some whose principal is due at Michaelmas, 1748, at 7 per cent discount.—This being so, you see that their credit is exhausted, and that they would hardly be able to borrow under 10 per cent; and yet they must take up money, or their army will mutiny, for their officers are most of them twelve or fifteen months in arrear. In the midst of all these difficulties, the Court has squandered away above £.200,000 sterling at the late double marriage; given £.100,000 sterling for the Duke of Modena's Gallery of Pictures, and Count Bruhl alone cannot spend so little as £.60,000 sterling a year. The pensions, also, that the King gives in Poland exceed the Revenues he receives from thence, by full £.50,000 per annum. It is now necessary I should say

something of the person to whom the King commits the entire care of this country. Count Bruhl is originally of a good family; but as he was a page to the late king, so he had the education of a page. His natural parts, without being very good, are certainly better than any other person's I have hitherto conversed with at this Court. He was employed by the late King on high employments, but never touched the zenith of power till after the fall of Monsieur Sulkowsky, who was his predecessor in the present King's favour. Sulkowsky lost it by absenting himself from the King's person to make campaigns in Hungary and upon the Rhine. As Count Bruhl profitted by this false step of Sulkowsky, he is resolved no person shall ever have such an advantage over him; he is never absent from the King's person, and he pays the closest attention to every thing his Majesty says or does, though he himself is naturally very idle. His every-day is passed in the following manner: he rises before six in

the morning, then Father Guerini comes to him to talk upon business, and to read over whatever letters they receive; and then they send such of them as they please to the Privy Council, but if any body comes in, business is laid aside, and he is very ready to talk upon indifferent matters. Afterwards he dresses, which takes up above an hour, and he is obliged to be with the King before nine. He stays with him till his Majesty goes to Mass, which he does exactly at eleven; and then Count Bruhl goes to the Countess Moyenska, where he stays till twelve; from thence he goes either to dinner with the King, or to his own house, with a few of the lowest and worst people of this court.

After dinner he undresses and goes to sleep till five, when Father Guerini comes and sits with him while he dresses; and at six he goes again to the King with whom he stays till after seven; from thence he goes to some assembly, where he plays at cards very deep, the Countess Moyenska being always of the party, who plays very well, and wins considerable sums of the

Count; rather before ten he sits down to supper, and from thence, he goes to bed about twelve.

Now, as every thing of every kind, from the highest affairs of state, down to Operas and hunting, are all in Count Bruhl's immediate care, I leave you to judge how his part is executed, by the time he takes to do business in. His expenses are immense; he keeps three hundred servants, and as many horses. His house is in extreme bad taste and extravagance. He has at least a dozen country seats, where he is always building and altering, but which he never sees. It is said, and I believe it, that he takes money for every thing the king disposes of in Poland, where they frequently have very great employments to bestow. Every body here reckons that he is not sincere; but, for my own part, I have as yet no great reason to think so. He is very communicative to me, and very patient to hear whatever I have to say. He is certainly not an ill-natured man,

having never done a hard or cruel thing to any person that I have heard of, since he has been in power. He is very vain, and a little flattery is absolutely necessary for those who intend being well with him; and my notion of the duty of a foreign minister is, that, after serving his master to the utmost of his power and ability, he ought to make himself as agreeable as possible at the Court he is sent to. From this way of thinking, I have endeavoured to cultivate the King of Poland and his Minister as much as possible, because a time may come when my being well with this Court, may be of some small service to the King my master. Count Bruhl is polite, civil, and very ready to oblige, and after the first ceremonies are over, without any forms. If he has any principle in politics, it is certainly favourable to the House of Austria. That, indeed, is not much, but it is more than any other person has, that belongs to this Court; and whenever he falls, we shall fall into worse hands. He has been very

negligent of support at Court, having never, during his long administration, made himself one friend of any great consequence. The clamours now against him, are very high, for the two reasons, of the fall of the Stier Bills, and the non-payment of the Army. The man that heads these complaints, and whom it is possible his Majesty may remember to have seen at Hanover, is one Count Linard, a Saxon, whom I take to be thoroughly in the French interest. He has but moderate parts, and very little literature, but in Saxon learning he is very deep. He rides, shoots, and dances, better than any body here, and by these accomplishments he has got himself into a good degree of the king's favor, and flatters himself that whenever the Minister falls, he is the man that is to succeed him. I know he has been contriving to get a body of officers to throw themselves at the king's feet, to complain of Count Bruhl and to demand their pay. By means of a spy that I had at Court, I discovered this affair, and

told Count Bruhl of it. He owned things were as I said, and added, he did not expect, nor deserve such usage from Count Linard; but two days afterwards, he told me that my information was very true, and that he had taken such measures upon it, as would perfectly secure him. I have since had the misfortune to lose my spy, who is fled for having got a woman with child, he being a married man, and adultery in this country is punished with death.

The next person I shall speak of, is Father Guerini, a Jesuit, who is more in the king's favor than in any credit. He has been long in the service, and is now kept like an old horse, for what he has formerly done. He is Count Bruhl's absolute creature, and has his confidence. He is perpetually with the king and queen, and constantly employed in making-up some quarrel among the singers and dancers. If he ever had any parts, they were gone before I came, but he is a good trifling old man, and though a priest, has no ambition.

He has twice refused a Cardinal's hat, and the last time, which was not above half a year ago, the king pressed him to it very much—but in vain. I go to him very often, for he often comes out with things that he is trusted with, and which I am sure he ought not to tell.

The next person to Count Bruhl, in business, is one Heinnech, a low man, who once wore a livery, though he now wears the blue riband of Russia. He talks no French, and we converse in Latin; but Monsieur Heinnech has so quarrelled with all moods and tenses, numbers and cases, that it is with difficulty I understand him. If I guess right at what he says to me, he is very ignorant of the affairs I talk about. He is Chef des Finances, and it is said that Count Bruhl and he, know so many bad things of each other with respect to the disposal of public money, that it is impossible they should ever quarrel. He is the Minister's right hand for Domestic Affairs, as Mr. Saul is, for Foreign ones, who in that province does every thing.

He is also a very low man, but he has parts, quickness, and knowledge, without the least appearance of fashion, or manners of a gentleman. There is not a man in Saxony that does not detest him, except his patron, Count Bruhl, to whom he is certainly very useful. Heinnech, went so far once, as to propose in the Privy Council to hang him. He has very strange schemes in his head; he is certainly for the House of Austria, but in a manner peculiar to himself, for he wishes to see that House strictly united with that of Bourbon, and believes that a practicable business. He is Secretary to the Cabinet Council in conjunction with Mr. Walter, who is a very honest, knowing man, well-intentioned, and quite in the true system, but at present hardly employed at all, to our great misfortune.

These persons govern under Count Bruhl, as the Countess Moyenska does over him:—

——————— orbi
Jupiter imponit jura, sed illa Jovi.

She is thoroughly hated, having all the bad qualities that can unite in one person; among which, pride, avarice, and revenge, shine most conspicuous. She has certainly received money in large sums from France, but as that is received, and there is no immediate prospect of more, I think her violence against us seems to abate. I thought it my business to do all I could to be well with her, and I am now of all her parties. My reception when I first went was very cold, but I expected that, and persisted in going, till I came to be very well received.

I shall now say a word or two of their Army. They aver that they have 44,000 men, but they really have but 33,000. To all appearance they are very fine ones, especially the cavalry, but as I have already told you how ill they are paid, you must see that, without a large sum to put them in motion, it is impossible they should act out of their own country. As to their General, Count Rotasha, and the Chevalier de

Saxe, both natural sons of the late King of Poland, are at the head of the Army. They are not wanting in abilities and knowledge, but they are both the idlest and most inactive of all mankind, and both bitter enemies of the House of Austria, because they reckon they were sacrificed by Prince Charles, at the Battle of Keisersdorf. There is also in this service, a Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, who was formerly in the King of Prussia's, but who was discharged from thence, upon suspicion of cowardice. He afterwards served as a volunteer in the Armies of the Empress Queen, but they would not give him any command at Vienna. At last the father, about a year and a half ago, brought him to Leipsic fair, presented and recommended him to the King of Poland, and begged he would make him a Lieutenant-General in his Army. The king answered he would consider of it. Upon this, the old prince came out into the anti-chamber, and told every body

that the king had made his son Eugene, a Lieutenant General, and got his commission immediately made out, which the good king rather than have the trouble of a dispute signed, and he is in this service.

There is another General here, a Frenchman, named d'Ollone, who was in the service of their Imperial Majesties, but being sent hither about eight months ago to regulate some differences about the Saxon troops, when they were in Bohemia; he talked so fast, and played so deep with Count Brühl, that he thought him the greatest officer of the age, and at once offered to make him General of foot (whereas, he had been but Lieutenant-General under their Imperial Majesties). This offer d'Ollone readily accepted, and entered into this service, but in a month's time all d'Ollone's talk was out, and he had won too much of Count Brühl's money, so he quickly grew out of favor, and was found to be a man of no parts

or consequence. In short, both parties are heartily sick of their bargain. He curses the day he was taken, and they the day they took him.

I hope you will excuse my mentioning these two last stories, but I mean them more for entertainment than information, though they are both strictly true, and serve a little to illustrate the characters of the King of Poland and his first minister.

I must now inform you of what I judge to be the views and wishes of this Court. The King of Poland most ardently desires to see a peace made. He loves peace so much, that, I believe, he is not much concerned about what sort of one it may be; but till that happy hour arrives their system here (if they have any system) is to observe an impracticable neutrality, and by the fear they have of offending any body (which is the natural consequence of such a system), they take care to oblige nobody. The Court of

Vienna is very much dissatisfied with their proceedings at Dresden; but the ministry of Versailles are often full as discontented with the steps they take. Russia alone is the power to which the king pays real court. It is by the Czarina only that the king keeps possession of the Throne of Poland; for his affairs in that kingdom are in so bad a situation, and his interest there so very low, that the grand marshall, the grand chancellor, and many other Poles of distinction, that came here upon the late double marriages, told me in my first week's acquaintance with them, that if it was not for fear of Russia, they would dethrone their king in half a year and choose another; for that he had broken through every promise that he had ever made them, and had not kept one tittle of the *pacta conventa*. The ministry were so sensible that all this is true, that the Court goes into Poland early the next Spring in order to manage that people, and to conciliate their minds to the House of Saxony; for the king has the suc-

cession of that Crown in his family much at heart, and this, if ever it does happen, must be brought about by Russia. After all this, judge of the weight the Court of Petersburgh must have with that of Dresden. For my part, I give it as an opinion, by which I will abide, and which I can prove by facts, that whenever there is a minister at Dresden, sent by the Czarina with absolute instruction, to act in concert with those of his Majesty and his allies, Saxony must do whatever they please.

There is something unfortunate between this Court and that of Vienna. They never were perfectly well together for six weeks at a time. The king thinks, that it was entirely owing to him, that the imperial dignity returned to the House of Austria, and that their Imperial Majesties can never do enough to repay that obligation. The Court of Vienna says, that she placed the Elector of Saxony on the Throne of Poland (for doing which she has certainly since been a great sufferer) without having any returns

of gratitude from the Court of Dresden. It is, indeed, true, that, at a time when the Empress Queen is fully employed and unable to pay much attention to small things, this Court shows her very little regard. The Austrian Court sees this, and resents it tacitly very much. They have not yet thought fit to appoint any body to succeed Esterhazy here, and they talked of sending only a resident, at which this Court seems much offended. As to Prussia, this Court has not yet recovered the wounds nor the fright which it lately received from that quarter. With respect to France, their heads here were so turned with the marriage of the Dauphiness, that they are not yet quite settled. They are still pensioners to that Crown, but their treaty of subsidy expires next February. I flatter myself that it will not be renewed, nothing but poverty can make them do it. I have asked Count Bruhl twenty times, how it was possible to rely in the least upon a power who would at at any time sacrifice this country (because it is

their interest to do so, which the French understand but too well), at a moment's warning to their hated and dreaded foe, the King of Prussia. But the real cause that lost the allies this Court, and threw it into the arms of France, was Mr. Calhoen, who when minister from Holland, had orders from his masters to treat about the taking a body of Saxon troops into their pay. He did, indeed, make the proposition; but, at the same time, prevented the success of it by telling Count Bruhl, that though by his office, he was obliged to ask for a body of Saxon troops, yet as a friend to the Court of Dresden, he could not help saying, that he doubted whether they would be well or regularly paid for them. Thus did this perfidious Dutchman talk, and easily persuade, Count Bruhl (who thought of nothing but the money) to refuse the troops. The minister from this Court to the States General is a Frenchman, and heartily in the interests of his country; and all his letters that come here are as partial to our

enemies and as prejudicial to his Majesty and his allies as possible; and, indeed, this whole Court is so thoroughly Frenchified, that upon the late successes of our fleets, and the late battle won by our allies in Italy, I don't think that I was congratulated by five people here, and those few that did wish me joy, did it in a whisper. I cannot help mentioning one thing upon which this Court value themselves and make a merit of to me. They say it is their influence over the King of the two Sicilies (because he married their daughter) that has prevented his marching against our Allies in Lombardy, but such counters as these are never taken in payment.

Thus far I got Mr. Stephens to copy almost word for word a letter I wrote to Lord Chesterfield, by the same messenger that brings you this; and, therefore, it should not be shewn to every body; but I hope it will divert Lord Ilchester and the Duke of Marlborough. If it had been wrote to you in my own way, I could

have made you laugh heartily. You observe that Monsieur Bruhl like all first ministers, keeps the lowest company. I wish I dared write all I could, but things are not yet ripe. The first opportunity you shall have a packet of curiosities.

I am ever entirely yours,

CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

Dresden, 27th August, N. S.

A LETTER TO MR. FOX,*

Inclosing the following Translation from Ovid, both sent in the name of SAMUEL GUMLEY, *Esq., then a Captain in Hawley's Regiment of Dragoons in Camp, near the Devizes.— Written in August* 22, 1740.

DEAR FOX;

SINCE you, and Winnington, and Williams write Verses,† which every body says are very

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* Mr. Fox, with great hesitation in his elocution, and barrenness in expression, had conquered these impediments and the prejudices they had raised against his speaking, by a vehemence of reasoning and closeness of argument, that excelled all the orators of the time: his spirit, his steadiness, and humanity, procured him strong attachments, which the more jealous he grew of Pitt, the more he cultivated. Fox

† This alludes to a passage in Ovid, translated into English Verse this year, at Houghton, by Mr. Winnington, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Fox, three different ways.

pretty (though I am told they are all stole out of an author at Rome), why should not I try and see whether I cannot write some too.

Now, there is a Cornet in our Regiment that

Fox always spoke to the question; Pitt to the passions. Fox to carry the question; Pitt to raise himself; Fox pointed out, Pitt lashed, the errors of his antagonist.—W.

To the Right Honourable LADY CAROLINE FOX.

Madam;

I have been attempting to draw a picture of one of your friends, and I think I have in some degree succeeded; but as I fear natural partiality may make me flatter myself, I choose to submit to your Ladyship's judgment whose prepossession for the person represented is likely to balance what fondness I have for my own performance, as I believe you love the person in question as much as ever other people loved themselves: the medium between the faults you shall find, and the just resemblance I see in the following portrait, is likely to be an exact image.

The gentleman I am drawing, is about three and forty: as you see all the fondness and delicacy, and attention of a lover in him, perhaps your Ladyship may take him to be but three and twenty; but I, whose talent is, not flattery, and who, from his judgment and experience, and authority, should at first set him down for threescore, upon the strictest inquiry can only allow him to be in the vigor of his age; and understanding his person decides rather on my side, for though he has all the ease and amiableness of

has got some of these authors, who, I believe, is the best scholar in the world. So I desired him, that he would read some of them to me in English, and especially whatever there was in

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youth, yet your Ladyship must allow that it has a dignity which youth may aim at in vain, and for which it will be scarce ever exchanged. If I were like common painters, I should give him a ruddy, healthful, complexion, and light up his countenance with insipid smiles and unmeaning benignity; but this would not be a faithful portrait: a florid bloom would no more give an idea of him, than his bended brow at first lets me in to the vast humanity of his temper; or than an undistinguishing smile would signify the place of his manly curiosity and penetration; to paint him with a cheerful, open countenance, would be a poor return of compliment for the flattery that his approbation bestows, which, by not being premised, doubly gratifies one's self-love; the merit of others is degrading to their friends, the gentleman I mean makes his worth open on you by persuading you, that he discovers some in you.

He has that true character of a great man, that he is superior to others in his private, social, and unbended hours. I am far from meaning by this superiority, that he exerts the force of his genius unnecessarily; on the contrary, you only perceive his pre-eminence in those matters by his being more agreeably good-natured, and idle with more ease, than other people. He seems inquisitive, as if his only business were, to learn; and is equally incapable of mystery, in

them about love; for that you know is my passion: so he did immediately out of a book called Ovid, and I liked it so well, that I got him to write down the Sense, and from that I

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pretending to know what he does not, or in concealing what he does. In the House of Commons he was for some time an ungraceful and unpopular Speaker; the abundance of his matter overflowing his elocution; but the force of his reasoning has prevailed over its own defects, and those of his audience. He speaks with a strength and perspicuity of argument, that commands the admiration of an age apt to be more cheaply pleased; but his vanity cannot satisfy itself on the terms it could satisfy others; nor would he thank any man for his approbation, unless he was conscious of deserving it; but he carries this delicacy still farther; and has been at the idle labour of making himself fame and honours, by pursuing a regular and steady plan, when art and eloquence would have carried him to an equal height, and made those fear him who now only love him; if a party can love a man, who they see is only connected with them by principles, not by prejudices. In another light, one may discover another littleness in his conduct. In the affairs of his office, he is as minute and as full of application as if he were always to remain in the same post; and as exact and knowing as if he always had been in it: he is attentive to the solicitations and interests of others in his province, as if he were making their fortune, not his own; and, to the great detriment of the ministry, has turned one

have sent you the inclosed Verses. They would have been easy enough to make, if it had not been for rhyme. But I am told there was a Poet once in England, called Milton, who wrote

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of the best sinecures under the government, into one of the most laborious employments; at the same time imagining that the ease with which he executes it, will prevent a discovery of the innovation. He receives all officers, who address him, with as little pride as if he were secure of innate nobility; yet his defect of illustrious birth is a blemish which some of the greatest men have wanted to make them completely great. Tully had the happiness and glory of raising himself from a private condition; but boasting of it might as well have been noble; he disgraced himself by usurping the prerogative of nobility, proud of what one can neither cause nor prevent. I say nothing of his integrity, because I know nothing of it, but that it has never been breathed on, even by suspicion; it will be time enough to vindicate it when it has been impeached; he is as well bred as those who colour over timidity with gentleness of manners, and as bravely sincere as those who take, or would have brutality taken for honesty; but though his greatest freedom is polite, his greatest condescension is dignified with spirit; and he can no more court his enemies than relax in kindness to his friends: yet, though he has more spirit than almost any man living, it is never looked upon as flowing from his passions, by the intimate connexion it always preserves with his understanding; yet his passions are very

good verses without any rhyme at all. So I will rhyme no more, not I; for, to tell you the truth, it makes me very melancholy; and Mademoiselle cannot imagine what I am about. I will write you soon again, though I am afraid our Cornet won't stay long in the regiment, for as he is the only man in it that understands Latin, so the superior officers all hate him, and nobody cares to keep him company.

I wish there was any thing in any of those books, against Winnington or Williams, I would put it into English verse; for I have not

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strong: he loves play; women more; and one woman more than all: the amiableness of his behaviour to her is only equalled by her's to him; but as your Ladyship would not know a picture of this charming woman, when drawn with all her proper graceful virtues, and as that engaging ignorance might lead you even into an uncertainty about the portrait of the gentleman, I shall lay down my pencil; and am, Madam,

Your Ladyship's most
Obedient humble Servant,
VANDYKE.

forgot the journey to the Isle of Wight yet. But our Cornet is so perfect in them all, that, without so much as turning them over, he assures me there is not. I wish you were acquainted with this Cornet, he would entertain you vastly. He is a charming man, and tells delightful stories; but I wish I could say, that he always stuck closely to the truth: we were talking the other day of a new method that is found out for the better making of pontoons and bridges; upon which the Cornet said, "that the Roman Emperor, Julius Cæsar, built as good a wooden bridge over the Rhine 1800 years ago, as ever was built before or since." Upon which we all asked him, how he could say that Julius Cæsar was a Roman Emperor, when it was a thing very well known, that he reigned here in England, and actually built the Tower of London, which several of our officers, who had been formerly upon the Tower Guard, said they knew to be fact, by God, and upon their honours.

Every thing here goes on prosperously—our men are in high spirits, and do not seem to fear any thing. If you hear any thing of the Spaniards being landed, pray send me word.

Every thing is in great plenty here, except hay, corn, and straw; so that this campaign may prove fatal to the horse.

I am, dear Fox,

Your most obedient Servant,

SAMUEL GUMLEY.

From the Camp near the Devizes, August 22, 1740.

PUBLII OVIDII NASONIS AMORUM *Lib.* i. *Eleg.* 9.

LOVE has its camps (believe my artless strains,
Dear Harry *) ev'ry lover makes campaigns;
And all that in his soldiers Mars approves,
Venus would wish to grace the man she loves.

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* Right Honourable Henry Fox.

Youth in his troops, th' experienc'd chief requires,
Youth in her lover, the fond maid desires;
'Tis youth attacks the fair—attacks the foe,
Old age in both is infamously slow.
Each makes the ground his bed, or stands before,
The general's tent, or cruel fair one's door;
Painful and tedious toil the soldier bears,
Painful and tedious are the lover's cares.
With resolution each pursues his prey,
Nor angry seas, nor mountains stop their way;
O'er Summer's heat and Winter's cold prevail,
They fly o'er lands, and o'er the ocean sail.
Soldiers and lovers watch and ne'er complain
Of chilling frost and snows, and piercing rain.
One on his angry foes is placed a spy,
One on his rival keeps a jealous eye.
One storms a town, and one a house attacks,
This bursts a door, and this a barrier breaks;
The soldier oft invades his sleeping foes,
And deals on unarm'd hosts his fatal blows.

So Rhœsus fell, with wine and sleep opprest,
And pass'd from mortal to immortal rest;
So, too, the lovers midnight watches keep,
And profit of the drowsy husband's sleep.
Courage thro' swords and spears oppos'd will pass,
Love forces bars of steel, and walls of brass;
In love like war events are doubtful all,
The vanquish'd rally and the victors fall.
Love 's not an easy, or a trifling care,
You must not lose yourself to gain the fair;
Achilles sinks in fair Briseis' charms,
Now Troy attacks, the Greeks repel their arms.
When Hector flys impatient to the field,
His wife must fix his helmet and his shield.
At mad Cassandra's feet Atrides lies,
Yields to dishevell'd locks and frantic eyes.
How foolish Mars was caught in Vulcan's net,
There's not a God but knows and laughs at yet;
Myself was once the idlest rake in town,
And with a common whore have snored till noon.

Till Sally, charming girl, my joy and plague,
Taught me the sweet and bitter of intrigue;
To look on easy conquests with disdain,
And value only what with toil we gain.
Hence I'm that prudent, active, lover grown,
Who hunt my prey, thro' ev'ry street in Town;
Who spare no pains, where pain itself is joy,
And wisely all my time in love employ.
Thus I by diligence successful prove—
The surest cure for idleness is Love.

S. G.

THE SEQUEL:

CONTAINING WHAT WAS OMITTED IN THE

TRIUMVIRADE, OR BROAD-BOTTOMRY,

AT THE ASTERISKS.

Tu ne le sauræpas, Loüis,
Car j'etois seul quand je le fis.
Address'd to *Loüis* xiv.

BY PORCUPINUS PELAGIUS.

THEN struck up a Smart with a soldierly air,
But with less of rough Mars than of Venus the fair;
A kind of commander, I ween, in the war,
Yet with limbs safe and sound and his skin without scar;

And who should it be? why no less than an
Earl;
Adds my life! the stout warrior, Mynheer
Albemarle!*
Quoth he, "in regard to my ancestor's merit,
"Who came over to England crown gifts to
inherit, [much
"Which imbitter'd the great Revolution so
"As to give an e'erlasting dislike to the Dutch,
"(Confound 'em a self-interested, odd people!
"O'erwhelm'd with Corruption and practis'd
in Quibble)

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* The second Earl of Albemarle was Ambassador at Paris. It was convenient to him to be any where but in England: his debts were excessive; he was Groom of the Stole, Governor of Virginia, and Colonel of the second regiment of Foot Guards: his figure was genteel; his manner noble and agreeable: the rest of his merit (for he had not even an estate) was the interest my Lady Albemarle had with the King through Lady Yarmouth; and his son, Lord Bury, being the Duke's chief favourite, he had all his life imitated the French manners, till he came to Paris, where he never conversed with a Frenchman, nor much with his

" I was put in command of a very good troop,
" E're yet on my palfrey I well could mount up,
" My nice regulations were quickly made known,
" At th' expense of some families ruin'd, in town:
" All under-siz'd fellows I caus'd to sell out
" At half they got in, so to pocket the boot.
" I match'd them so equal in rank and in size,
" That the tips of their noses, their chins, and their eyes
" Form'd three as strait lines, as an artist could strike;
" Their shoulders, their elbows, and bums did the like.
" When Marlb'rough* resign'd in resentment and pique,
" Of which he repented, perhaps, in a week;

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own countrymen, living entirely with a Flemish columbine, who sold him to the French Court. He died suddenly at Paris, December, 1754.

* Charles, second Duke of Marlborough, who resigned in 1745.

" I apply'd, and his station was promis'd to me,
" As fittest t'eclipse such a warrior as he.
" The council infernal confirm it as done,
" And the more as 'twas kept in suspense by Great John."
" As nor good, nor great harm, you can do to the state,
" And that 'tis expedient an Earl should eat,
" We confirm, by the strength of our new assum'd pow'rs," [as yours."
(Quoth the Three) "little Lordling, the regiment
Here they thought to have clos'd—'Till a Wight, bold as ever
Cock'd up, without colour of merit, his beaver;
Too assumingly frank, under front most audacious,
Yet cunningly knowing his int'rest, and cautious;
A convenient acquaintance, tho' apt to deceive,
Slipt up thro' the hole, without orders or leave;
Feign'd he came from the devil; and truly so said, [head;
State-pack-horse, he meant, with mechanical

The munificent patron* of wit and politeness!
(Attend all ye authors of Britain and witness)
Tho' his brother had all the great qualities, art
Combining with nature, to man could impart;
Yet pack-horse excell'd him, distinguishing loon!
So belov'd thro' our nation, and eke thro' his own.
Attentively mark him! contemplate him well!
How noble his aspect! his air how genteel!
The prettiest fine gentleman sure in the court,
And so Christian withal, of a saint little short!
But his toad-eater-agent thus set forth his case:
" By my country and birth I'm of Ap Shenkin race;
" First preferr'd in the Customs t' a Six-penny Seat
" In the common Long-room, which scarce made me eat.

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* Earl of Chesterfield.

" Next, this for a martial Baudrier I chang'd,
" So a kind of a captain thro' Drury I rang'd:
" At least was so call'd, as you know at the worse,
" Whoever wears red is a captain of course.
" I gam'd and I whor'd, play'd Levant and such tricks,
" I sometimes got money, but frequently kicks,
" Then married a good ancient dame for my wife,
" And sent her to board to the country for life.
" Was a Westminster justice soon afterwards made,
" And drove on a while, like Sir Thomas, the trade;
" Or Tow'r-Hamlet Sir Clifford, whom erst I have seen
" Sole Groom of the Stole to the Steeds at an inn:
" So had frequent occasion to serve well my betters—
" The affair of Sir Redstring I manag'd by setters.

" 'Twas I that set on, and procur'd, the divorce,
" And broke the Church charm of ' for better for worse.'
" 'Twas I set the Colonel to honour his head,
" And contriv'd the next morning to catch him in bed.
" The knight became grateful and got me a place,
" And sent me to Scotland, by means of his Grace.
" But was heavily quarter'd, however, upon,
" Yet refus'd to tell tales to have Orford undone.
" Or seem'd so to such, who admir'd at my 'scape [cheap.
" From the fate of poor Paxton, so wond'rously
" For, in fact, I was sent by the late great ——
" To demur as I did, to give room for a bill;
" Since what I 'd to say, cou'd but little avail
" To take off the E———l, or cast him in jail.
" But my roguery in seeming t'evade all their questions, [tions.
" Did, with Paxton's fidelity, furnish sugges-

" Now the Baronet's dead I put in for his place,
" State-Pack-horse will vouch for the truth of
my case.
" You may half, if you please, but not quarter
my score
" With some Yea and Nay Member, pimp,
bawd, or some whore.
" As, without it, I know one must ne'er think to
rise;
" 'Tis so in the Customs and so in th' Excise,
" With all Out-house Placemen the same, who
can't say,
" In a Ministry's service, nor Yea nor the Nay.
The Triumvirate balanc'd ——— howe'er to be
quiet, [fiat.
And get rid of the creature, they granted the
" If to place be preferr'd such a parasite shaver,
" A brace of good authors may surely meet
favour,"
Was heard in the hole, as if spoke by a couple;
When something bolts up, not unlike a man
double.

Twas two clench'd together, side to side, ne'er to quit,
Like a brace of good rabbits truss'd up for the spit.
One half-side like Tonus, tall, meagre, and lank,
Balanc'd up on each side by a thin spindle shank,
Inhos'd all in white, their proportion to show,
Like the legs of a doll, and e'en jointed so too.
In the cast-offs of Tonus, beau'd out for his grace,
Ah! cou'd he but get to his cast-off old place.
A visage far north, a bold front did impart,
Yet blushing, as conscious how vain was the heart.
An huge rod of birch, quite as big as some brooms,
As tho' he'd been Deputy Flogger of bums,
He display'd in his hand, magisterially great!
To flog ev'ry Statesman, who'd not make him eat.

T'other moiety-side, as short, did ill pair,
As with art did his own dear octangular square.*
By Principle Swiss, as he fought for his pay,
Who for Paxton wrote erst is for Wallo to-day:
For this side, and t'other, and both he resolves,
While Ralph† howls to Cynthia be silent ye wolves.‡
One a maker of pamphlets, and t'other of matter
To fill them withal, and for Coffee-house chatter.
This a draggle-tail muse in his bosom does nourish,
And that writes the Hist'ry of England in flourish.

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* See The Critical Review of the public buildings in 1734, by Ralph. His History of England, in 2 vols. folio, which contains much curious and authentic matter.

† James Ralph, a dull Author, originally a Poet, and satirized in the Dunciad, was Author of an Anti-ministerial paper, called the Protester; he was afterwards employed by the Prince of Wales in his second Opposition, and laboured long in a Paper called the Remembrancer, he appears to have been countenanced by Doddington.—W.

‡ See The Dunciad.

Lo! there, what I've heard my old grannam oft say,
The boys were all drown'd, and the rest ran away.*
Independent Electors of Westminster both!
Without property, vote, house, maxim, or troth.
One cloak cover'd both, ill compos'd of raff-riffry,
Old England, or Broadbottom Journal, by Jeff'ry:
With letters initial and dashes all ran over,
Hanover, Hanover, Hanover, Hanover:
Till the nauseated reader, no longer cou'd brook
The hoarse cuckow note, all bestain'd them with puke.
Then a couple of more Independent Electors,
Broadbottom Mæcenases both and protectors
Appear'd; one, forsooth, an Esquire by his name,
O! Ye buboes and shankers retire at his fame!

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* See the latter part of the specimen, publish'd in the London Evening Post of the 10th of November.

A medley of surgeon, of nurse, and physician,
Mock doctor, mock mason, and mock politician.
His worthy associate as smart as a carrot,
As pert as a magpy, and loud as a parrot;
The Orator's genuine little game cock,*
As good as e'er crow'd, or as strutted, or struck.
Inclos'd, as it were, in an odd masquerade,
Expressive, I deem, of his new-fashion'd trade;
Capuchin'd were his shoulders, his head in the cowl,
While a Broadbottom hoop went below round the whole.
" I am" (for to speak he'd a wonderful itch,
And as nimble his tongue as his fingers to stitch)
Quoth he, " an hoop-petticoat maker for fo'ks,
" Smock-under-coats too, capuchins and short cloaks,
" Fine masquerade dresses shap'd out with an air;
" Egad! I cou'd fit you all three to an hair.

---

* See his Advertisement in October.

" Now to harlequin characters, what wou'd you say?

" To dance Bobbin Joan in, or figure the haye,

" Made of Jeff'ry's state pamphlets, and Ralph's Gazetteers

" His Champions, his Craftsmen, and all their Picqueers!

" What a contrast they'd form, with their *pro* and their *con?*

" Here for Bluestring a patch, there against him and John.

" For Hanover this, and for old England that,

" Plain Abuse on the King, and some hints for the State.

" And yet is your masque, as you are, much more true,

" For who will expect to find Statesmen in you?

" Tho' I vary in spelling my name now and then,

" Sometimes without *u* and sometimes without *n*.*

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* See a certain Order of Vestry.

" Tho' I can't write myself, save in making a bill,
" Which indeed I can do in a very good stile.
" Yet my little fine boy has a third in the paper,
" (God love it! how much like the sire and how dapper!)
" 'Tis I pay the reck'ning, whenever we meet,
" For to treat is my province, and theirs is to write.
Then, turning about on their honours his breech,
To the Placemen address'd both his face and his speech,
Shook hands with them 'round, and familiarly said,
" We have knock'd, at the last, this great man on the head.
" We shall do very well, as our matters now fall-in,
" Believe, my good friends, little Broadbottom Palmerston.
" We shall now see our fleet even Paris attack,
" And a Vernon flag'd out for old foul-weather-jack.

" Our Army recall'd, quite disbanded and broke,
" For where there's a Navy, an Army's a joke.
" The septennial revers'd, and enquiries set up,
" All Placemen expell'd, and for Robin a rope.
" Rare times! as the speech-makers all of the House
" Are in posts, and none left to say, boh to a goose.
" Your custom, is all that I ask, for my wife,
" Her commodity's wond'rously good, on my life.
" She's to all Independent Electors genteel,
" Her friends, e'er they buy, are all welcome to feel."
Then Esquire, less renown'd for his plaister-box trade,
Than for annual custom of mock cavalcade,
Who, as tir'd of his forceps, his lancet and probe,
His syringe, his pharmacy, bandage and daub;
Had apply'd to spread out a good plaister of State,
To cure ev'ry ail in a Minister's pate.

Declar'd, he wou'd lay all his surg'ry aside
And to Greenwich row down for a place with the tide.
Quoth Ralph, "To the Cofferer's office I'll fly."
Quoth the third, "To the old Cotton library I,"
For the long promis'd patent, so usefully earn'd
*By my eminent self, so well known 'mong the learn'd!
If they grant it, my pen and my country I'll drop;
If not, they shall know I a'n't easy to stop.
And, quoth little state Palmerston, "I'll home to my shop."

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* See the News Papers of that time.

An Epigram,

ON QUIN,* THE COMEDIAN.

WHEN Quin, of all grace, and all dignity void,
Murdered Cato the censor, and Brutus destroy'd;
He strutted, he mouthed, you no passion could trace
To his action, deliv'ry, or plumb-pudding face.

---

* Quin was an unmannerly brute in his character. Mrs. Woffington and Mrs. Clive, who hated each other, agreed in detesting him. On the latter dropping a nosegay, he picked it up, said, "Madam, as you should * * *" Mrs. Clive, whose maiden name was Rastor, was born 1711; her pleasing manner of singing songs of spirit, induced some friends to recommend her to Colley Cibber. Her first appearance was in boy's clothes, in the character of a page, in the Tragedy of Mithridates, king of Pontus. She acted Phillida in Cibber's "Love in a Riddle." Quin's wit was so indelicate and indecent, that it is no wonder so well-behaved a woman as Mrs. Clive should abhor his company. Mrs. Woffington performed Sir Harry Wildair far superior

When he massacred Comus, the gay god of mirth,
He was suffer'd, because we of actors had dearth;
But, when Foote, with strong judgment, and genuine wit,
Upon all his peculiar absurdities hit;
When Garrick arose with those talents and fire,
Which nature and all the nine Muses inspire;
Poor Guts was neglected, or laugh'd off the stage,
So bursting with envy, and tortur'd with rage:
He damn'd the whole town in a fury, and fled,
Little boys an extinguisher clapp'd on his head.
Yet we never shall Falstaff behold so well done,
With such character, humour, such spirit, such fun;

---

to any actor of her time. It was a nice point between the gentlemen and ladies, whether she was the finest woman, or the prettiest fellow. Upon her coming off the stage, in the character of Sir Harry Wildair, she said, with no little triumph, "Lord! I believe the whole house think I am a man."—"By G—d, Madam," says Quin, "half the house knows the contrary."

So great that we knew not which most to admire,
Glutton, parasite, pander, pimp, letcher, or liar;
He felt as he spoke, Nature's dictates are true,
When he acted the part, his own picture he drew.

An Epigram

ON

LORD ANSON* AND HIS LADY.†

AS Anson, his voyage to my Lady was reading,
And recounting his dangers, (thank God, she's not breeding)
He came to the passage, where, like the old Roman,
He stoutly withstood the temptation of Woman;
The Baroness smiled when, continuing, he said,
"Think what terror must there fill the poor lover's head!"
"Alack," quoth my Lady, "he had nothing to fear,
"Were that Scipio as harmless as you are, my dear."

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* Lord Anson was reserved and proud, and so ignorant of the world, that Sir Charles Hanbury Williams said, "he had been round it, but never in it."—W.

† On her Ladyship sitting down to the corner of a square table, to play at Brag, Lady Fitzwalter was sorry she had not better room: Lady Anson observed, I can sit like a nightingale with my breast against a thorn.—W.

ADDENDA.

Add to Note Vol. I. p. 206.

1762, Gideon, who is dead, worth more than the whole land of Canaan, has left the reversion of all his milk and honey, after his son and daughter, and their children, to the Duke of Devonshire, without insisting on the Duke's taking his name or being circumcised.—W.

Add as a Note to the Latin Lines at Page 210 *of this Volume.*

Mr. Walpole, in a Letter to the Hon. H. S. Conway, 1758, says, "Sir Charles Williams, never very happy at panegyric, has made a distich on the Queen of Hungary, which I send you for the curiosity, not the merit, of it.

"Oh Regina orbis prima et pulcherrima! ridens
"Es Venus, incedens Juno, Minerva loquens.

"It is infinitely admired at Vienna; but Baron Munchausen has received a translation of it into German, in six verses, which is still more applauded.

END OF VOL. II.

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